The Beaver

WINTER 1974

THE UNCHANGED STANDARD: "choice goods as can be bought for money"

"You are to send us home by every return of our Ships all such goods as are either defective or not acceptable to the Natives, and to inform us wherein they are deficient And also to direct us exactly as you can of what form, quality conditions every sort of goods wch. is demanded there ought to be for the best satisfaction of the Indians, And wee will do our utmost that you shall be supplied wth. every species of Commodity in perfection."

LETTER TO GOVERNOR NIXON FROM THE GOVERNOR AND COMMITTEE, LONDON, MAY 21, 1680

Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

WINTER 1974
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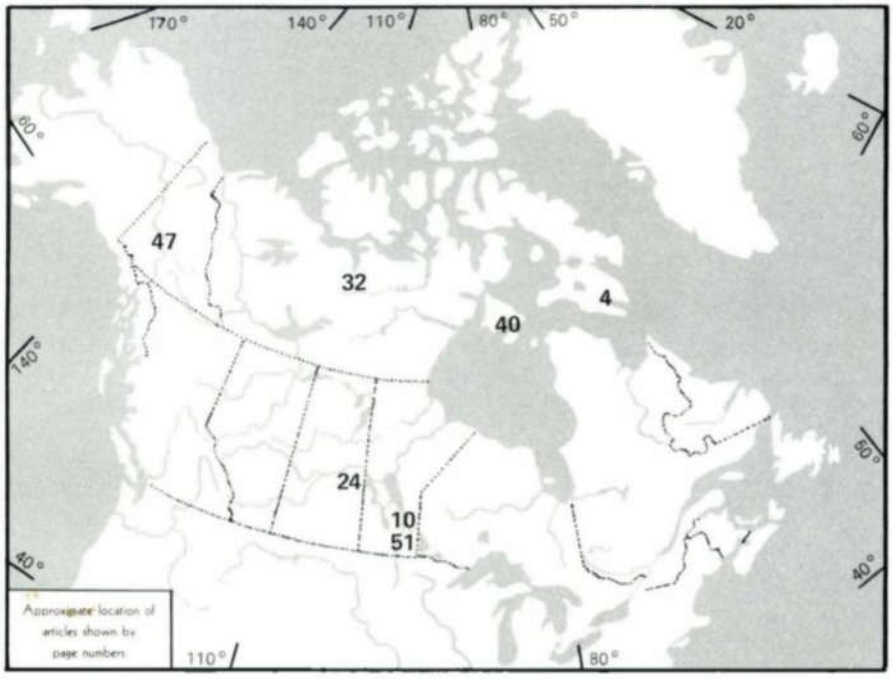

CONTENTS

THE EASTERN ARCTIC: A FIRST IMPRESSION 4
Lorne Bouchard

THE RED RIVER ACADEMY 10
Thomas F. Bredin

'GREAT GUNS' 18
James McCook

CUMBERLAND HOUSE 1774-1974 24

'STEAMBOAT BILL' OF CUMBERLAND HOUSE 28
Deanna Christensen

32 MUSKOXEN AT BATHURST INLET
David Gray and Donald F. Cockerton

40 HARVESTING THE NORTHERN SEAS
A. Dudley Copland

47 A CARNEGIE LIBRARY FOR DAWSON CITY
Gregory Tetrault

51 THE METIS AND CANADIEN COUNCILLORS OF ASSINIBOIA. PART III
Lionel Dorge

59 NORTHERN BOOKS

COVER: Higa Ipeelie, a young Eskimo girl painted by Lorne Bouchard at Apex Hill, 2 April 1969. 'She was a friend who dropped in for a visit with Mary [daughter of the carver Davidee whom Mr. Bouchard was visiting] — so naturally she had to pose — she didn't want to but after seeing that unruly black hair I just had to paint or try to get something down.'

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Sunday afternoon at Apex Hill, near Frobisher Bay, April 1969.

Lorne Bouchard, R.C.A.

HENRY KORO

THE EASTERN ARCTIC

a first impression

By Lorne Bouchard

OUR APPROACH TO FROBISHER BAY was through a white greyish-blue veil. As Nordair's 737 glided slowly through nothingness towards a void, we heard a whispering sound, then felt a thud as the wheels dropped down ready for the landing. Only then could we discern the contours of the Bay, frozen solid with shapes of pack ice close to the shore. Then a few lights and beacons appeared as we made our final descent.

For the next two weeks, Frobisher on Baffin Island was my base and from there I went out on Nordair cargo flights to draw or paint, and returned the same day. I took felt-pen notes, drawings, and even painted 12" x 16" panels while cargo was being unloaded.

How can anyone do anything worthwhile in a brief stopover of an hour? The answer is simple: by being extremely excited and enthused about the country and its people.

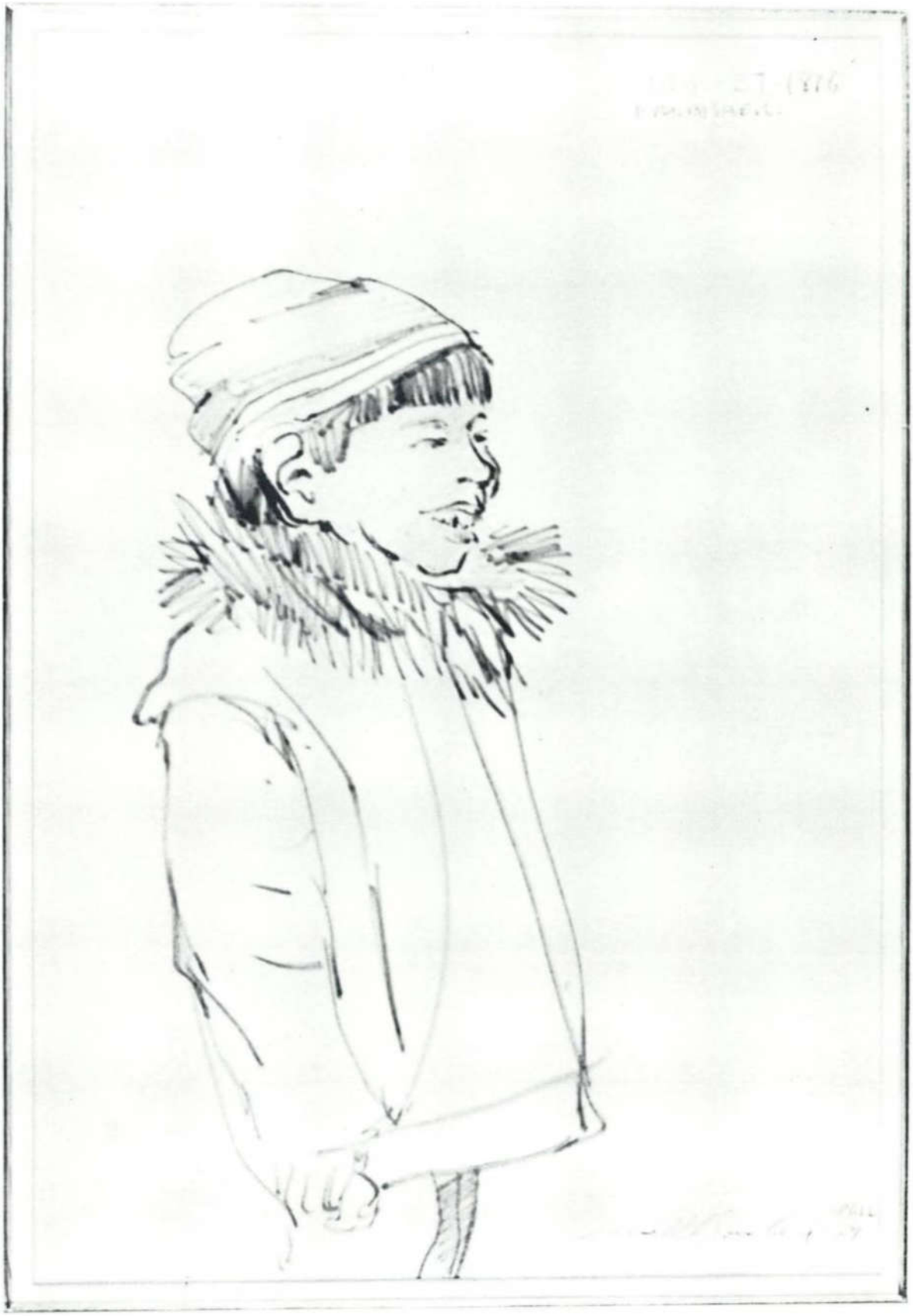
The Inuit came out on skidoos to greet each plane

The Broughton Island landing strip, painted from the pilot's seat during a brief halt to unload cargo.

and help with unloading. The women and girls were actually beautiful – dark skin and shining jet-black hair, faces full of character and colourful parkas with babies tucked snugly inside the hoods. The men had the same characteristic ruggedness as the country where they live and hunt. They, too, were wonderful subjects to paint: natural and relaxed as the mountains – no pretense and no self-consciousness.

Of the land, one has the impression of unending space, of strong formations of barren, beautiful mountains. There are no trees, but this is unimportant. One sees the skeletons of cliffs and valleys and, as spring approaches, designs of bare rocks appear. An artist must be careful with such material. There is abundant detail but the impression cannot be achieved with many brush strokes. Simplicity is the key note.

Flying low through Pangnirtung Fiord is an unforgettable experience. I sat in the co-pilot's seat during the



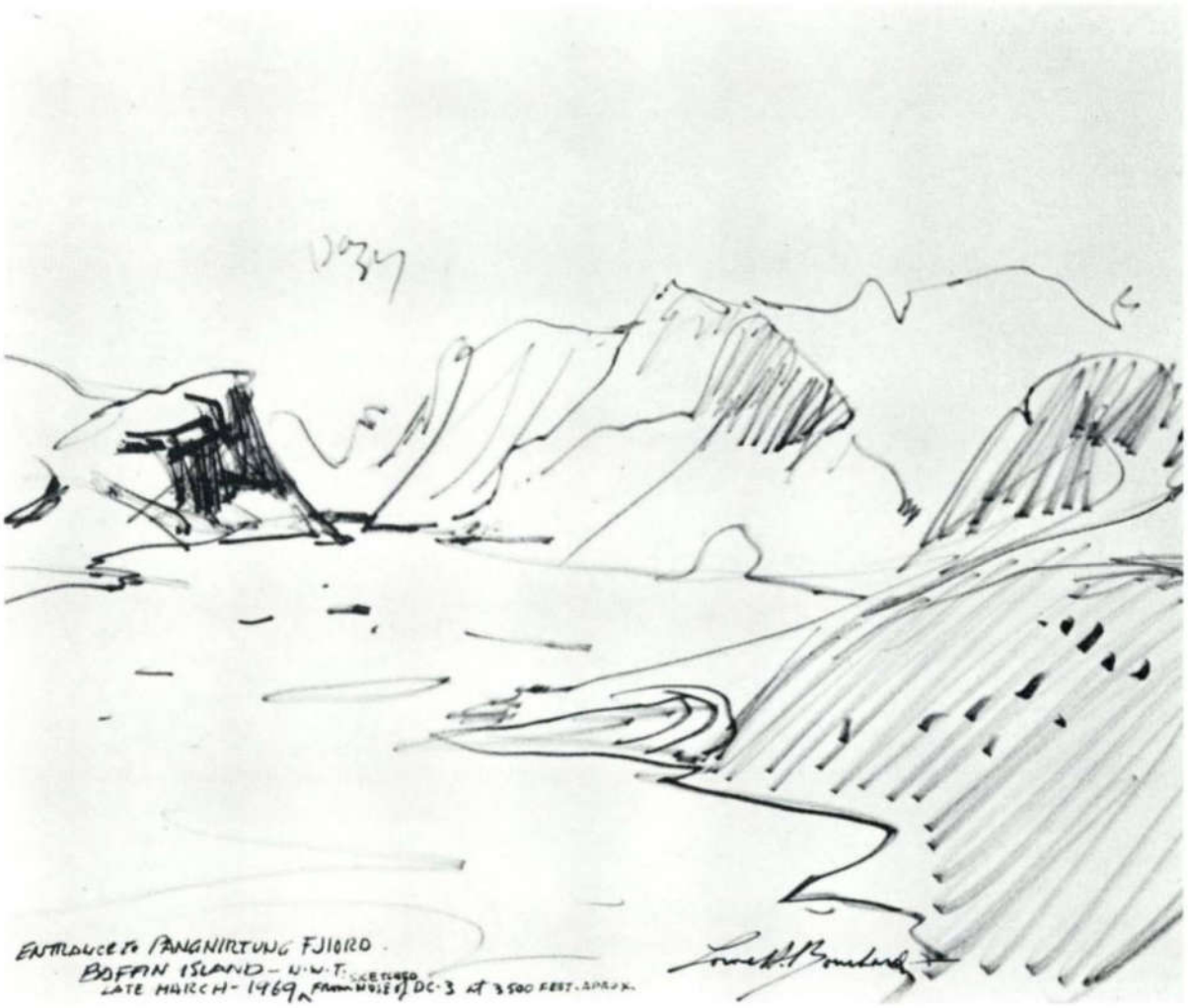
Ikaluit, Frobisher Bay, late March 1969.

Portrait of Joanisi of Ikaluit.

flight, drawing like mad to capture all the shapes I could. All the essence of non-objective material is here in the rugged and beautiful formations of rock. If one is partial to this style of painting it could easily evolve. It depends on the response of the artist to the northern landscape.

The weather, too, is a factor. Clear skies and bright sun are great for flying but difficult for the eyes of the artist. A day that has a bit of mist or a slight fog is best. Then contrast and fine tonal qualities appear. The mountains are blue-black at times.

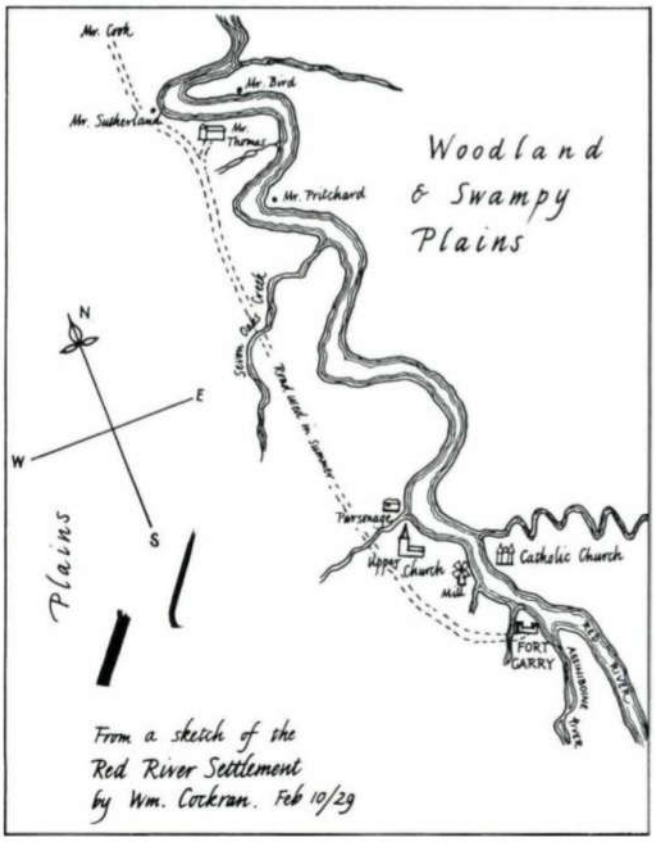
Five times since my first flight into Frobisher in March 1969, I have returned to the land of rock, ice, and snow. Each time I have found new shapes and subjects that stay with me when I return south to Montreal. There the mind starts working again, presenting the memory of people and places and I try my best to convey to canvas, with simplicity, the beauty of this solemn land and its people. ◆


ENTRANCE TO PANGNIRTUNG FJIORD
BAFFIN ISLAND - N.W.T.
LATE MARCH - 1969

Assistant Headmaster at St John's Ravenscourt School in Winnipeg, Mr Bredin has long had an interest in the early beginnings of the school. He gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to the Glenbow-Alberta Institute, to the Hudson's Bay Company for the use of material in its Archives, and to former H B C Archivist Joan Craig, H B C Archivist Shirlee A. Smith, and the Reverend Thomas C. B. Boon of Selkirk, for advice and assistance.

The Red River Academy

By Thomas F. Bredin



'THE FOUNDATION OF OUR SEMINARY BUILDING was laid today' wrote the Reverend David Thomas Jones, Chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company on 16 October 1832.

The building, located on the banks of the Red River near present-day St John's Park in the north end of Winnipeg, was referred to as a Seminary or, since it was a school for both boys and girls, as the Seminaries. Jones's successor, the Reverend John Macallum, in a circular letter used the phrase *l'école du nord*. The H B C's Northern Council called it the 'Red River Boarding School' and Alexander Ross in his history of the settlement described it as 'the Red River Academy or the Hudson's Bay Company school, patronized by Sir George Simpson, and many gentlemen connected with the fur trade.'

The Academy had earlier beginnings than the actual placing of the foundation stones in 1832. Twelve years earlier the Reverend John West, the first Chaplain to the Company at Red River 'got a log house repaired among the Protestant settlers where the schoolmaster began teaching.' The schoolmaster, George Harbidge, had come to the settlement with West in 1820. By 1822, a building with 'apartments for the schoolmaster, accommodation for the Indian children, a day-school for the children of the settlers' was built. The building was also intended 'to fully answer the purpose of a Church for the present.'

A farm was laid out beside the mission house and a farmer was hired at £25 a year to 'live in the house adjoining the Farm yard, take care of the Milk and

provide Hay for the Cows, draw with his horse all the firewood . . . and go with the Cart for the Fish'.

The Church Missionary Society promised to support the mission school for the few Indian boys whom West had assembled on his trip south from York Factory. Other pupils, children of the 'Principal Settlers' or 'Officers of the Company' might be educated in the same school on payment of a moderate fee. West also proposed that the school maintain and educate the orphaned or abandoned children of 'country' marriages between Indian women and Company servants. The plan was not approved.

'Any expences that might be incurred in that way' stated Governor George Simpson 'would in my opinion be to no purpose until Agriculture and not the Chase becomes the main pursuit of the Savage Tribes'. Simpson did not like West's expensive schemes of 'schools and missionaries all over the country' nor his inclination 'to deal too freely in politics'.

West was replaced by the Reverend David Jones and the schoolmaster, Harbidge, who could 'neither keep accounts nor teach the boys the common rules of Arithmetic' was replaced by William Garrioch – 'an Orkneyman, long in the Hon. Company's service'. In 1825, Jones was joined by an assistant, the Reverend William Cockran. The two men – particularly Cockran – watched over the Indian school. After the flood of 1826, Cockran enlarged the farm to 30 acres, added cows and hogs and slashed operating costs by keeping the boys busy on the farm: ploughing, planting, weeding, digging potatoes, and spreading manure. In the fall they dug mud to insulate the buildings; in April they preserved 'a little ice for Summer use'. Cockran observed, however, that 'as soon as I leave the little fellows they turn their backs on work'.

He believed in reading, writing, and religious instruction for the Indian children, but the 'little fellows' found their books tedious. 'Very often when I am asking the children at the head of the class some questions, those at the back drop asleep, and the first intelligence I have of it is from their sonorous nostrils snuffing the air, or from their Bibles falling upon the floor'.

Some of the men at interior posts boarded their sons and daughters in the settlement so that they might attend the parish day school. Both missionaries felt that a residential school for fee-paying students – particularly girls – was needed. Jones reasoned that the girls would eventually marry 'persons in the service' and be stationed in different parts of the country. 'May we not hope' he speculated 'that we shall have female missionaries by & bye throughout the Indian territories?'

Early in 1827, Jones wrote to the Church Missionary Society. 'We have entered upon an engagement with some of the gentlemen to commence a female school under the charge of Mrs Cockran. We are to receive ten girls next summer.' Two years later 'Mrs. Cockran's Female school' had 18 girls. In 1831, however, Cockran informed Governor Simpson that he could 'no longer be at the expense of keeping a school room in repair, and in fuel, and my wife confined exclusively for the benefit of the few children sent by the officers.'

In the fall of 1828 Jones, then about 30, had travelled to England and returned the following August with a wife. When Mrs Cockran gave up her 'Female School', Mrs Jones continued the work and boarded a few children in the parsonage.

The Reverend Jones then proposed to Governor Simpson 'a respectable Seminary on a large scale in this Settlement for the moral improvement, religious instruction and general education of Boys; the sons of Gentlemen belonging to the Fur Trade'. The proposed fees were £20 a year for board, washing, and education; or £30, if a uniform was to be supplied. Jones wanted to have 'them all clothed uniformly as is generally the case in public school.' Governor Simpson presented the letter to the 'Commissioned Gentlemen' at York Factory on 13 July. The following day he informed Jones that his plan was acceptable. Ten officers had agreed to 'place Boys under your care, either this season or next.'

Simpson and the members of the Northern Council also wanted a similar establishment for girls and 'from the very great kindness Mrs. Jones has shewn to the young Ladies that have been placed under your joint care . . . we cannot doubt that you will be pleased to meet our views.' Sixteen girls were prospective students and, wrote Simpson 'We have not the least doubt that the number may be made up to thirty.'

Jones then asked the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society to find him a tutor and a governess stating that she 'should be upwards of thirty, of matured Christian experience.' Simpson added that she should be qualified in 'the ornamental – as well as useful – Branches of Education' and preferably, not be interested in marriage. The tutor for the boys, Jones believed, could be found in one of the public schools and he specified that 'he should be practically acquainted with Land Surveying.'

The Church Missionary Society responded with a critical letter, but Jones assured them that he had not stepped aside to follow after 'Mammon'. The schools, he said, were 'as an asylum for the reception and instruction of the children of Chief Factors, Chief Traders & clerks in the service of the Honble Hudson's Bay Company.' He added that the Catholics 'who have many friends in the country were also forming a Seminary' and explained his personal situation that, in obliging his friends he had taken a 'child or two until at last I found myself and family almost pressed out of doors'.

On 27 August 1832, Jones sent several Indians 'off for stones down the river in order to lay the foundation of our seminary buildings this autumn'. Two days later Chief Trader William Todd arrived from York Factory and enrolled two boys at the school.

At about that time 'reports were rife through the Settlement' that a young girl who had boarded at the parsonage, was 'in a state of pregnancy, and that her partner in guilt is an Indian lad in the Society's School named Charles Pratt.'

Jones was summoned to the Stone Fort by Simpson who told him that the 'late occurence' would 'operate very unfavourably in the country upon our projected establishment for girls.' Jones countermanded the order for a governess, but on 5 November he was summoned again by Simpson who told him that he should 'persevere in procuring a Governess' for if the matter were dropped it would 'not probably be attempted again.'

The frames of the new school buildings went up on 6 November; then the work stopped, to be resumed in April. At the insistence of Governor Simpson, as a result of the 'late painful occurrence at our house', Jones moved the Indian school, with Cockran in charge, down the river to present-day St Andrews. The farm that Cockran had built up now sustained the Academy.

In the fall of 1833 the tutor, John Macallum, and the governess, Mrs Mary Lowman, arrived. The following summer Simpson reported to the London Committee that the boarding school was attended by about 40 boys and girls and that the tutor and governess were 'affording entire satisfaction.'

In 1835, however, Mrs Lowman found a husband – retired Chief Factor James Curtis Bird – who, it was said, paid in 'full value' for his 'Conquest'. Mrs Lowman, a widow with two children, was 'not likely to let such an Opportunity slip of getting 3000£ secured to her . . . Taking into Consideration the Age of her Lover, Upwards of Sixty, she has played her Cards well.'

The home of Chief Factor James Bird who married Mrs Mary Lowman after the death of his Indian wife, Elizabeth, by whom he had six children.

P.A.C.

The tutor, John Macallum, was 28 and held a Master of Arts degree from King's College in Aberdeen. Soon after his arrival at the Academy, he informed James Hargrave of York Factory that the 'juvenile mind here is in a melancholy state of vacancy' with 'none of that mass of general information which an English Child, properly educated, has accumulated'. He did not, at that time, consider that the settlement would become his permanent home.

But Macallum did put down roots. When Mrs Lowman married he taught the girls as well, and in 1836 he married one of them, Elizabeth Charles, daughter of Chief Factor John Charles.

Although the Academy was well attended, it was not a financial success. In June 1835 Jones submitted to Simpson a statement that showed revenues at £968 and expenditures nearly as high at £921. The largest single expense was food – '17520 days Provisions' – and the second item was salaries and wages at £320. Heat had been provided by 250 cords of wood at 3 shillings a cord.

The members of the Northern Council who sent their youngsters to the school were sympathetic and voted that 'an allowance be made to the Revd Mr Jones of £100 p. annum in aid of this highly promising Establishment'.

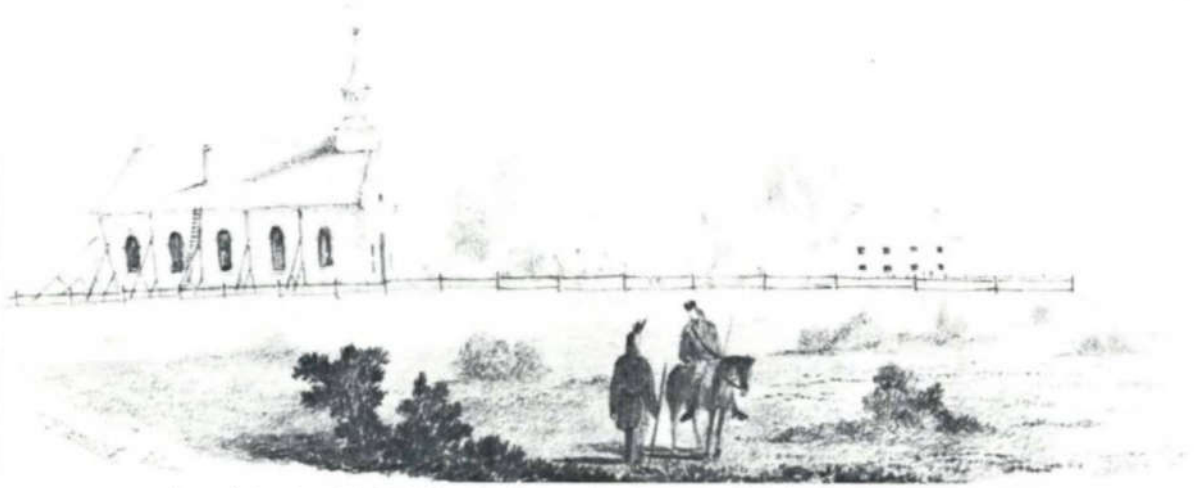
In 1835, according to the Red River census 23 boys and 24 girls were in attendance at the school. There were 15 servants, three houses, livestock, and 35 acres under cultivation.

On 9 June 1835 Chief Trader Archibald McDonald of Fort Colvile left four children at the school 'whom he cannot expect to see in less than five years time'. Jones was impressed by the self-denial of the parents and hoped that McDonald would find a 'recompense in the benefits secured them.'

On the same day Chief Trader Francis Heron told Hargrave of York Factory that while he was 'at great expence, at present, in educating my children . . . it appears to be money well laid out, as the improved condition of my little ones convince me of.'

Not every application was acceptable. 'Mr McIntosh [Chief Factor William McIntosh] has been here with his family' Cockran noted in August 1835 'and has sent two of his children to Mr Jones. The others were considered too abandoned to be admitted as pupils. It is hard for a parent to have so many on his hand, without any portion of chastity, virtue or piety to recommend them to their associates.'

On 13 September 1836 Jones noted in his journal that he and Mrs Jones had spent several tedious days at the Company store 'taking out clothing for the pupils'. The following month Mrs Jones died after the birth of a daughter and Jones, left with five young children to care for, decided to return to England. On 31 May 1838, he moved out of the parsonage and sent his baggage and children to the Stone Fort. Here, towards



METROPOLITAN TORONTO LIBRARY BOARD

A pencil drawing of the Red River Academy and St John's Church by J. Fleming, September 1857.

the end of June he said good-bye to 'six of the children from the Seminaries going to their different destinations — Athabasca, McKenzie's River, Columbia, &c. I do sincerely hope that some of them will reward our trouble and prayers by becoming shining lights in a dark place.'

Two of the six children were entering the Company's service: William McMurray, after whom Fort McMurray was named and Alexander Kennedy Isbister, founder of the Manitoba Isbister Scholarships.

The Red River Academy continued under the superintendence of John Macallum who 'endeavoured to put the Schools on the same footing as the best conducted Academies in England.' He instituted a new system of discipline which, he claimed, 'invigorates both the body & mind of the pupil, & implants & cherishes habits which will be of essential service in active life.'

Macallum was remembered by one of his pupils, Benjamin McKenzie (who was sent to the Academy in 1845 by his grandfather Roderick) as a stern, red-wigged, snuff-taking man who kept by his desk a 'finger-sized native brown willow stick, about three and a half feet long'.

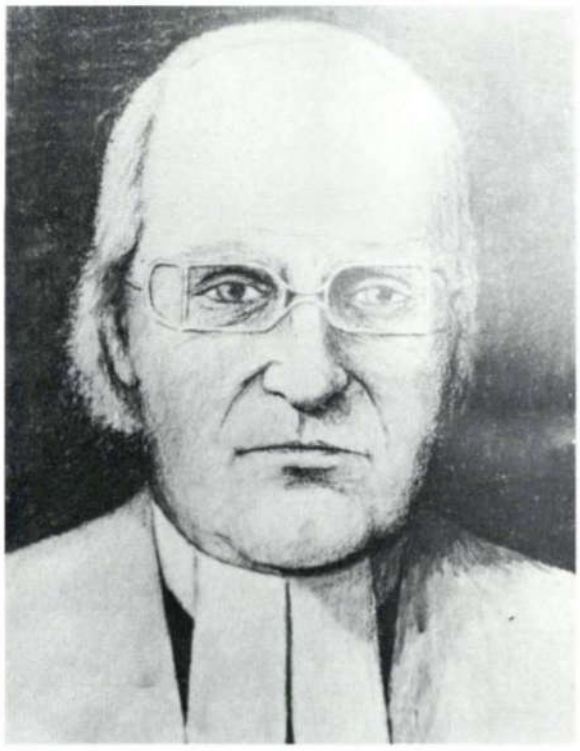
Although life under Macallum was 'bitter as Egyptian slavery', enrolment at the Academy increased and when the census was taken in 1838, there were 34 boys and 14 girls in the schools, most of them under 16. In 1840, Macallum, buoyant and confident wrote: 'we are all as happy in this here place as the day is long. The schools are well supported, & supply us with as much work as we can all execute.' In 1841, he bought the school and other buildings for £350. In December 1842 he reported again to Hargrave that 'all is well with regard to my immediate charge. Their progress is pleasing, their deportment correct, and their docility, attention, & application, highly commendable.'

A different report on the Academy was related by Hargrave's wife, Letitia, in a letter to her mother, September 1843. 'They say that Mr Macallum's school is going to wreck. Children who have had duck, geese & vension 3 times a day are supposed to suffer from breakfasts of milk & water with dry bread, severe floggings, confinement after any fault & the total want of the following meal. The boys & girls are constantly fainting but Macallum won't change his system. Many girls have got ill, and as he makes them strip off their Indian stockings & adopt English fashions it is not surprising. They must take a certain walk every day, plunging thro' the freezing snow. They wear Indian shoes, but without the cloth stockings or leggins over them. The snow gets in & I need not say that the feelings one undergoes are not comfortable.'

Illness at the Academy was always a grave concern. In December 1834, Thomas Simpson, clerk at Red River, wrote that 'the Settlement has not been healthy this fall and the hooping cough, followed by a severe intestine disorder, has thinned the swarm of children not a little. Mr. Sutherland lost his grand child, a very fine little girl [Margaret McKenzie] at Mr. Jones's, and it was touch and go with Mr. Christie's eldest daughter [Margaret].'

The following December Governor Simpson recorded that 'Three of Mr. Jones's boarders have died this fall; poor Henry Rowand [son of Chief Factor John Rowand of Edmonton House] and Allen McDonnell's son and daughter – all from suffusion of the brain, a strange and deadly malady, which has carried off several other young persons in the Colony.' Jones confided to his journal: 'Illness of children at such a distance from their parents was what I principally dreaded when undertaking the management of these schools.'

Despite the health and financial problems involved in running the Academy, Jones derived considerable satis-



Archdeacon William Cockran who arrived in 1825 to assist the Reverend David Jones and watch over the Indian school.

faction from the marriages made by the young ladies. On 10 December 1836 he recorded that Sarah McLeod, daughter of Chief Factor Alexander Roderick McLeod was married by Mr Cockran to John Ballenden, then the Company's accountant at York Factory. Two or three arrangements of a similar nature were soon to take place, and Jones was pleased that the young ladies 'being raised from their former condition will take the station the female ought at all times to occupy in Society.'

In the early summer of 1844 Bishop Mountain of Montreal visited the settlement to ordain Macallum as a priest in the Church of England. He observed that the Academy was 'one of a superior order' and believed that the drop in attendance 'may be accounted for by the excess of demand for education, in the early stage of its establishment, among that class of persons for whom it was designed.'

There was no doubt that the more advanced subjects – Latin, Greek, Euclid, English Literature, and Geography – were neither interesting nor useful to the young teen-aged youngsters of mixed blood. Whatever the reason, attendance declined. The Red River Census for 1845 showed 14 boys and 9 girls at the Academy.

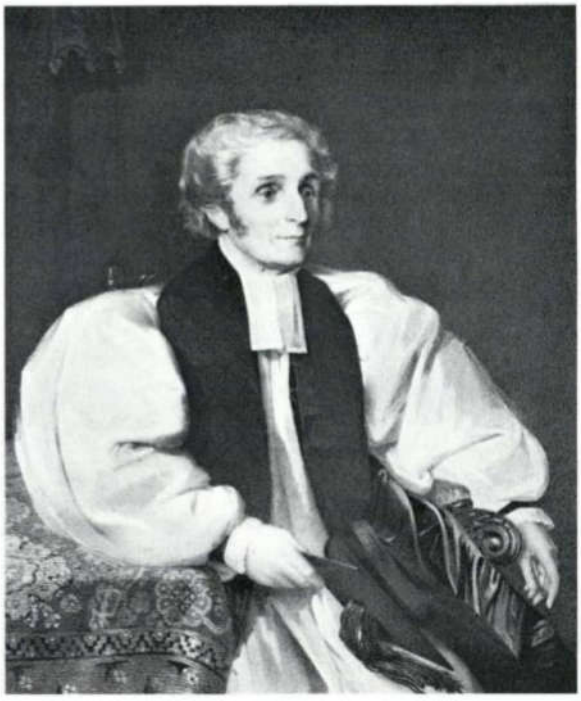
Donald Ross of Norway House, who from 1833 to 1856, placed one or more of his ten children in the Academy, warned Macallum that a 'current of unfavourable opinion exists in regard to your schools – but more particularly the female department.' Macallum knew about 'the misrepresentations, calumnies, and declensions to which the Schools had been subjected, but not being aware of any reasonable or just cause for the existence of an unfavourable opinion . . . I can do nothing to obviate or remove it. Should the real cause of antagonism not be hostility to the diffusion of knowledge and should the malcontent party prevail to so great an extent as to influence the resolutions of Council, they have only to stop the "supplies" to remedy the evil.'

The Northern Council, however, continued to grant £100 'to the Revd John Macallum in aid of the Boarding School under his management' and in the fall of 1848 enrolment actually increased. 'He has now six or seven pupils beyond his last years' numbers' Adam Thom, Recorder of Rupert's Land, told Simpson. 'He has got Major Caldwell's oldest child, an interesting, but delicate, boy of eleven, whose eyes are almost useless to him.'

The School had loyal supporters. Richard Hardisty wrote to his son in 1845 that 'I would like very much to send your sister Mary to Mr. Macallum's Academy, but could not think of sending her such a distance as Red River is from Michipicoten unaccompanied.' His sons Joseph and William had graduated from the school; Richard and George were still there and in 'a couple of years more Henry will be old enough to send'. Roderick McKenzie too, kept five of his children and grandchildren at the school during the late 1840s.

The year of 1848-49 was Macallum's last. He had been in fickle health – 'protracted jaundice' – for several years. In July 1849 the Reverend Robert James rode up from St Andrew's Church to visit Macallum and 'Found him much worse & in a low feeble state'. John Ballenden, now Chief Factor at Fort Garry, informed

Bishop George Jehoshaphat Mountain visited the Academy after a journey of 38 days by canoe from Lachine, Quebec.



Simpson that Macallum, in late September, was 'so much debilitated as to be unable to get up without aid.'

When Macallum died on 3 October 1849, the executors of his estate, according to 'a suggestion embodied in the will' offered the school to David Anderson, the first bishop to be appointed to the new Diocese of Rupert's Land. Bishop Anderson, in a letter, informed the Church Missionary Society that: 'The very day of my arrival in the Red River Mr Macallum died. My first appearance in the Upper Church was to attend his remains to the grave.' Anderson accepted the offer to buy the Academy, giving '£300 for the buildings and fences and taking nearly all the furniture and books at a valuation.' He purchased as well seven cows, three pigs, twenty fowl, an axe, and a wheelbarrow for £30.

Although quarters had been prepared for Bishop Anderson in the Lower Fort – at considerable expense to the Company – he moved to the Academy grounds. He was then 35, a widower with three young sons; his sister, Margaret, had accompanied them to the Red River Settlement.

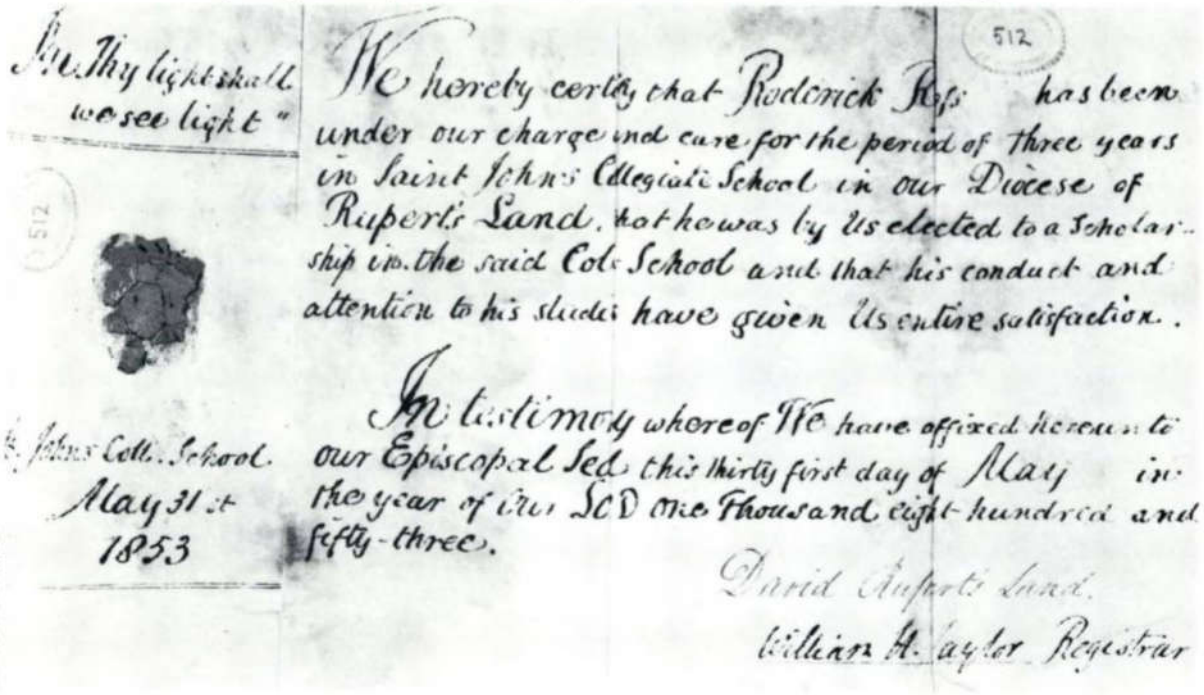
With the support of the Church Missionary Society, Anderson revived the idea of a training school for native catechists and missionaries. The Reverend Robert James at Grand Rapids and other Red River clergy thought the 'Missionary Seminary' should be down river and not by the Upper Church. They contended that 'our Missy Students must be of a different character from the present generation of pupils in the Academy who display much haughtiness & levity'. The Reverend James also wanted to act for the Society in 'the appointment of the School Master, the right to visit, & the choice of School Books.'

Anderson's view was that 'it was Entirely his School'. He spoke to some of the boys in the Academy about their career interests and was pleased to find that the two 'head Boys' were interested in the ministry. These boys, Colin Campbell McKenzie and Roderick Ross were the first scholars of St John's Collegiate School, as the Bishop renamed the Academy. Under their scholarships, tenable for three years, 'the Scholars enjoy free Board & Room in addition £10 per annum.' Both young men went on to Cambridge and returned to the Northwest, but not to the ministry. Another pupil, Peter Jacobs, son of a missionary at Lac la Pluie, expressed interest in the ministry, was granted a scholarship and was supported by the Church Missionary Society in the 'Bishop's school'. Jacobs became a missionary, but not in the Northwest.

Anderson's efforts to train native missionaries met with more success. Henry Budd, encouraged and supported by Anderson, went to a Church Missionary Society College in England and returned to a mission on the Saskatchewan. Charles Pratt whom Anderson described as 'a very engaging young man, with a very good knowledge of Scripture' was boarded until June 1850. Pratt became a teacher and catechist at Fort Pelly, Qu'Appelle, and elsewhere.

In the fall of 1850, the tutor and last link with Macallum, James Lumsden, left from York Factory and his replacement arrived, 'an English dominie' named George Pridham. Before a year was out the school,

After his graduation from St John's Collegiate School, Roderick Ross attended Cambridge.


"Thy light shall we see light"

512

We hereby certify that Roderick Ross has been under our charge and care for the period of three years in Saint John's Collegiate School in our Diocese of Rupert's Land, that he was by Us elected to a Scholarship in the said Col. School and that his conduct and attention to his studies have given Us entire satisfaction.

In testimony whereof We have affixed hereunto our Episcopal Seal this thirty first day of May in the year of Our Lord One Thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

David Rupert's Land.

William H. Taylor Registrar

St. John's Coll. School. May 31st 1853

MANITOBA ARCHIVES

according to a letter Adam Thom wrote to Simpson, was in bad shape. 'Through the uncongenial combination of his [the Bishop's] disinterestedness, which amounts to apathy, and her [his sister's] parsimony, which amounts to cruelty, their whole establishment has fallen into a sad condition. Palpable dirt in every apartment . . . itch uncared for among two thirds of the schoolboys – lice . . . want of water unless in the river even for the youngest pupils – insufficiency of food, both as to quantity and as to quality, at breakfast and supper – fuel to be found for the school-room stove, only by chopping it – and lastly their two girls, both of whom had long been with Mr Macallum, in the family-way before the end of the first six months.'

The teacher, Pridham, who in the Bishop's opinion lacked 'decision & firmness of character' and 'energy & determination' left after the flood of 1852. In mid-May the waters had been knee-deep over the first floor of the Academy buildings, high enough to float a boat through the hall and to load waiting passengers from the stairs. 'Our prospects for the summer' wrote Donald Ross from Red River 'are not very bright. The cholera is now at St Paul's, if not nearer and the Sioux have just commenced scalping the people at Pembina.'

William Cockran's son, Thomas, who had been teaching in the Upper Church Parish School for two years, became resident tutor. The Bishop hoped that he would be 'equally devoted in the Charge of my own Collegiate School.' This hope apparently was not fulfilled according to a letter written by Jacobs who in April 1854, was in his last year as a collegiate scholar. 'I rather think friend Thos has left off his bacchanalian habits, at least we never hear the distant roll of the little barrel from our room. He seems to be rather backward, & indifferent to the affairs of the school: every one about this place thinks so, or else the thing that happened a few months ago would never have happened if he had kept a strict watch over the mischief-planning boys.'

Henry Budd, one of the young Indian boys who came to Red River with John West, became an ordained Anglican minister.

P.A.C.

MANITOBA ARCHIVES

Bishop David Anderson who bought the Academy upon his arrival in Red River in 1849 and supervised it for ten years.

In September 1854 the boy's school did not open and Thomas Cockran joined his father at Portage la Prairie to teach there. The training school for native catechists, teachers, and missionaries was kept up for a few more years and the parish school was maintained.

The girls' school was discontinued in 1849 despite parents' pleas to Anderson to supervise it, and 'the young ladies' wrote John Ballenden 'we have succeeded in placing for the winter under the care of some of the more respectable families in the Settlement.' The Bishop appealed to the Church Missionary Society to send 'a Lady competent to undertake the training of Young Ladies.' In 1851 Mrs Mills and her two daughters arrived and were established in 'St Cross', the house purchased by the Bishop from Archdeacon W. Cockran. Thus, 'Mrs Mills School' or St Cross – was a continuation of the Red River Academy. Both William Todd and Donald Ross sent three daughters to Mrs Mills. Chief Factor George Barnston parted most reluctantly with his girl: 'I must send my eldest Daughter to her for a Year, were it only to give my mite of support to the undertaking. But I will, I trust, reap much profit besides. Since I lost Mary & her Sister has grown up, I feel as if my heart was clinging too closely to this other child, and that my anxiety about her welfare is almost too great.'

METROPOLITAN TORONTO LIBRARY BOARD

The Red River Academy, a water-colour sketch credited to Peter Jacobs, a student at the school from 1844 to 1854.

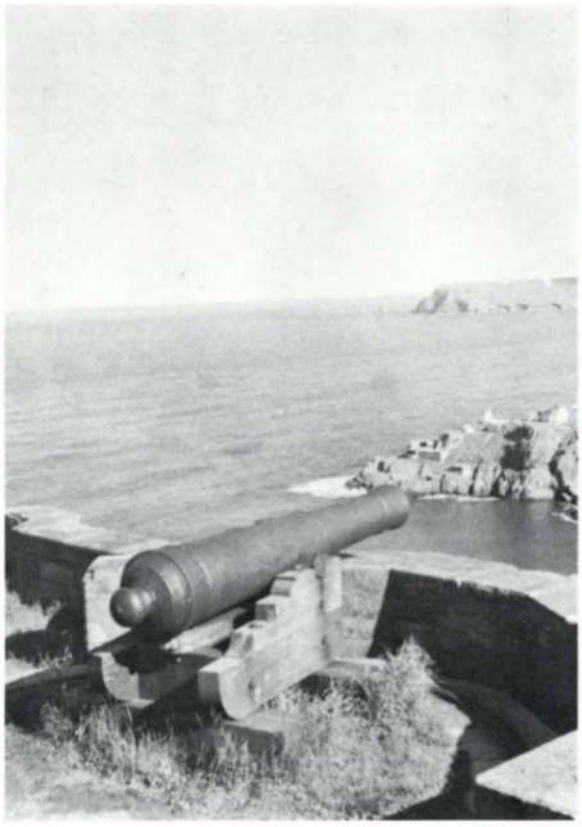
The Bishop was well satisfied with the new arrangements. 'The education furnished is far beyond what the country possessed before, far beyond what we could ever expect again, should anything take Mrs Mills home. They are carried on in Music, French, Drawing & German, & the most assiduous attention paid to their religious development. My only regret is that the House is comparatively small for the work — the number of young Ladies at present is 16, & I can scarcely exceed that limit without first enlarging the House.'

Governor Simpson believed in 'the importance of securing for the youth . . . a sound education at home, but more especially the girls, whom it is difficult, indeed almost impossible, to send to England'. As a result an addition to the girls' school went up in the early summer of 1853, the season when the Bishop was 'generally away on his journeys'. His sister, Margaret Anderson, had 'to see the people and do the best I can when they come to see me about what is wanted. He has been obliged to put up an addition to Mrs Mills house as her numbers are increasing. One gentleman [Chief Factor J. E. Harriot] in the service has just brought in 4 girls to her & 2 boys to the Bp's school, none of whom can speak English & all as wild & untamed as the Buffalo on the prairies . . . if such had been among her first pupils poor Mrs Mills wd have taken fright & run away.'

Four years later, Mrs Mills and her daughters left. 'She expected too much' Anderson explained '& looked for the refinement & manners & society of London in this very remote corner of the world. In this way she rather disliked the place & did not conceal her dislike, which is always unfortunate for successful labour.' He asked the Society for a replacement and was sent a Mrs Oldershaw who was not well received. 'Mrs. Oldershaw has been in sad distress this season' wrote William McTavish. 'Some of her scholars got discontented & left school, accused her of interference & carelessness & the result is that the School is to be broken up & she goes home next season.' The following winter, 1858-59, only four young ladies remained in residence at the school.

That year Sir George Simpson reported to the Governor and the London Committee: 'The School which was established at Red River many years ago, under the Company's auspices, to facilitate the education of the families of Officers stationed in the interior, to which an annual grant has been made by Council for nearly thirty years, has been declining in popularity and usefulness for some time past . . . and has finally been closed this summer . . . the Bishop despairing of being able to keep it up with efficiency, voluntarily relinquished the grant made towards its support.'

According to Sir George Simpson, Bishop Anderson believed that 'for the future, elementary schools only will be required at Red River, as the facilities for sending children to England, Canada and the United States, for their education, are so great, that all persons will prefer that course, to retaining them at any schools or colleges at Red River, which it is not to be expected could compare with those in the civilized world.' ◆



A cannon keeps watch at the entrance of the harbour, St John's, Newfoundland.

'GREAT GUNS'

By James McCook

Retired associate editor of the Ottawa Journal, Mr McCook has had a long-time interest in the history of Western Canada.

CANNON ARE LITTERED ABOUT CANADA from St. John's to Victoria and from Churchill on Hudson Bay to Windsor under the towers of Detroit. Mostly, their history is inglorious: they caused more fatigue and embarrassment to their friends than damage to their enemies.

An up-ended cannon on a street in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, with flowers growing from the muzzle, is a rare example of a cannon made useful. Ottawa and Vancouver have old guns that bang out time signals daily — the service occasionally interrupted by youths who 'kidnap' the guns and by boys who put rocks in the barrels so that bystanders in the line of fire may learn what it is like to be under attack.

Tourists gaze at clusters of cannon in cities such as Quebec where French and British gunners fired on each other centuries ago. East Coast communities have cannon galore.

On the West Coast cannon long were regarded as essential equipment on trading ships. When Indians were hostile — a common state of affairs — an offended captain would turn his guns on the nearest village. This was a one-sided arrangement until 1795 when the British ship *Phoenix* had a brush with Indians on the Queen Charlotte Islands, fired its big guns at a village and had the Indians reply with cannon taken from a captured Boston schooner. The master of the *Phoenix* took his vessel away in haste; the Indians soon became bored with the cannon and let them lie in the mud and rust.

Anyone who reflects on the lowly state of a neglected cannon on shore should remember also the many cannon that are guardians of wrecks under the sea. Any ship in trouble was helped to a watery grave by the weight of its cannon. A master who insisted on carrying an iron 18-pounder gun with a nine-foot barrel had a dead weight of 4,480 pounds to contend with.

The weight of guns was appalling. J.E. Rippengale, area superintendent of national historic parks and sites on Vancouver Island, has gathered much data on cannon and notes that an iron six-pounder with a six-foot barrel, a relatively modest piece of ordnance, weighed 1,848 pounds. If made of brass, a gun of similar size might weigh only one-third as much — down to 546 pounds for a barrel of four feet, six inches.

The brass guns were not available for all who wished for them, including the masters of fur-trade forts far from the sea.

It was simple enough to unload two-ton guns from deep-water ships at Fort Vancouver, the Hudson's Bay Company post on the Columbia River 100 miles from the ocean, but there were many complications in moving such weapons hundreds of miles upstream and across portages and trails for Fort Walla Walla. There a woman guest in 1836 noted that a large cannon, always loaded,

stood by the door of her room in a bastion.

Early traders on Hudson Bay had cannon delivered from ships with little effort on their part – and often made pathetically little use of them. In 1686 the young Chevalier de Troyes led an expedition against the Bay posts. The guard was so lax that French scouts were able to crawl unseen to the English cannon and push probes down the barrels to find out if they were loaded. They were not – and the attack proceeded confidently and successfully.

Seven years later the Company's committee-men in London wrote to George Geyer, the governor at Fort York, that it was all very well that he should prepare his guns for defence but unless the men were courageous and prudent the defence would not be effective. In 1694 gunners on ships visiting the Bay were ordered to instruct men in the forts on the handling of cannon. In 1696 the Company learned that Fort York on Hudson Bay had been 'basely surrendered' to the French in 1694 despite the 32 cannon and 14 swivel guns installed for its protection. The French came by sea, built batteries on land and the 53 ill-trained men in the fort gave up when the invaders were about to launch bombardment and assault.

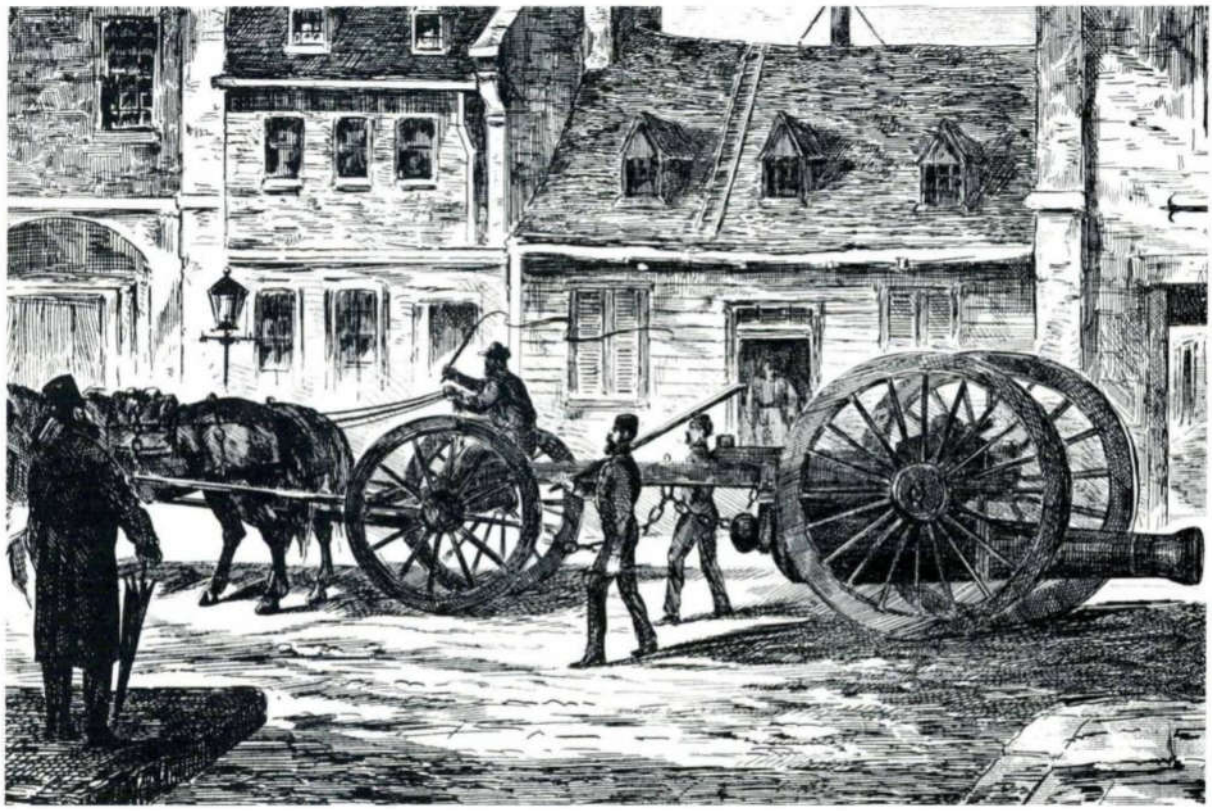
This was the weakness of cannon. They had to be manned by trained gunners prepared to fight or they were no more effective than firecrackers. There were 42 guns at massive Fort Prince of Wales, near present-day Churchill, Manitoba, when Comte de la Pérouse appeared with three French ships in 1782. The fort was one of the strongest ever built in North America but only 39 untrained fur-trade employees were on hand and its defence was considered impossible. Not a shot was fired by the guns that for generations since then have guarded the deserted walls.

Less impressive Bay establishments were well armed. Fort Severn, eight miles from the mouth of the Severn River on Hudson Bay, had eight cannon and other warlike equipment, including a petard. Everyone who has heard of a person being 'hoist with his own petard' would know that the petard at Fort Severn was an engine of war which could be used for blowing down doors or walls; anything more useless at a fur-trade post is hard to imagine. Peaceful Company servants, paid six pounds a year, were not prepared to carry petards or anything else on raids against enemy forts.

Almost plaintively, year after year, the Proprietors in London begged their people at the posts to be alert. In 1747, for example, they were told to keep a good watch, with land cleared in front of the guns to prevent any enemy taking cover, and 'we recommend Sobriety, that you may be capable of making a vigorous Defence, if attacked.'

While men could be expected to be reasonably cautious in the handling of the 'great guns', boys had an affinity for mischief with cannon and gunpowder. In

An old cannon is drawn through Lower Town, Quebec, to the Queen's wharf where it is to be sold or shipped out of the country. November 1871, Canadian Illustrated News.



1784 the H B C officers on James Bay were embarrassed beyond belief when their sloop, the main transport at their command, was badly damaged by an explosion. Young John Dillison, the sloop-master's servant, had been left aboard alone and had passed the time snapping a gun – making it spark – above a barrel with some gunpowder in it. His experiment ended when the powder exploded and the ship lost her quarterdeck; her beams were broken and 'the bolts were found on the opposite side of the vessel'. The other 18 barrels of gunpowder did not explode and, despite a fire, were later carried off the ship by brave men who probably paused to curse the unharmed John.

The boy's offence was so great that the officers thought that even a flogging would not sufficiently punish him. All they could do was send him home to Britain – which may well have been his ambition.

Until 1821, when the H B C and North West Company were united, the guns at York Factory were kept in some degree of readiness in case the Nor'Westers tried a raid.

Only three years before Governor William Williams, a pugnacious man who had commanded a ship for the East India Company on the high seas and enjoyed a fight, decided to show the North West Company men that the Hudson's Bay Company was not to be bullied any more. He gathered a force of men at Grand Rapids on the Saskatchewan River near its mouth, and supported them with small cannon mounted on a barge. One cannon and two swivel guns were put ashore and commanded the foot of the rapids, where, in due course, the Nor'Westers made their appearance, bringing the winter's collection of furs from their posts. Threatened with cannon in the wilderness they claimed to rule, the Nor'Westers accepted arrest tamely enough, surprised at the show of combative spirit.

Williams's cannon were by no means the first on a prairie river. In 1802, the forts built by opposing companies at the confluence of the South Saskatchewan and Red Deer rivers near present-day Empress, Alberta witnessed a cannon muddle that could have been costly in lives.

Peter Fidler, the officer in charge of H B C fort, Chesterfield House, realized that the Fall Indians (Gros Ventres) were likely to attack traders as well as other Indians. On a February day, Fidler welcomed to his post as refugees the people from the competing XY post next door. After hearing that the Fall Indians had killed Iroquois hunters who had visited them in peace, Fidler and the XY people began a belated search for the cannon which the XY traders had hidden away in the previous year and now, buried under deep snow, could not be found. It was customary to bury moveable properties when forts were left empty in the spring and traders went away to deliver furs taken in trade. It was also wise to know exactly where everything had been hidden.

Crown Prosecutor R.A. Olmsted (left) and Mr Justice C.P. Plaxton, on their way to conduct the trials of Eskimos charged with murder on the Belcher Islands in 1941, inspect an ancient cannon at Moose Factory.

Fidler finally issued powder and 20 balls to each of his men, with a bayonet for hand-to-hand fighting, but everyone knew that the Indians would feel that the traders were better armed – only if they had cannon.

Fidler did not emphasize his own negligence in this affair. Six weeks after the threatening Indians had departed he put his own cannon in working order. He made a carriage for the gun and fired a couple of test shots. There would have been no time for such carpentry and experiments if the Indians had attacked.

It is to Fidler's credit that his gun carriage survived two shots. Home-made carriages were apt to collapse with the first shot. Without a carriage on which it could be mounted, a gun was useless.

Cannon did more than impress the Indians. They gave a fort and its master prestige; the bigger the gun the louder the salute.

Fur-trade officers were outraged when asked to carry inland a small gift for a clerk's sweetheart when it was above the meagre individual weight allowance. They would explain, whiskers bristling, that the gift would displace a fragment of trade goods and reduce the profit of the 'Concern'. But they would make no complaint about a cannon weighing half a ton and hauled from Hudson Bay to Fort Garry, Fort Ellice, Fort Carlton, Fort Edmonton, and Rocky Mountain House.

In 1811 John Tod, a new employee in the Company service and later a chief trader, heard of a party of men ordered to take a brass cannon with them from York Factory to Fort Garry. He heard – and found it hard to

believe — that because of fatigue or bad leadership the party became insubordinate and the officer in charge had to load the gun with grape-shot to enforce his authority. To handle a gun weighing at least 300 pounds with such facility would have been an achievement for any man, but it is easy to visualize the misery of boatmen, accustomed to carrying 'pieces' of goods weighing about 90 pounds each, confronted with an awkward load which would require at least two of them to lift it across rocky and muddy portages. They might carry two 'pieces' totalling 180 pounds across the portage at a trot but a gun barrel was hard to get a grip on and utterly inflexible.

The water transport of cannon was complicated by the trunnions, the two projections from the barrel which supported it on the gun-carriage. The projections tended to grind into the wood of the canoe or boat when in motion on the water. If barrels were dropped during loading or unloading, damage to the vessel could be substantial.

From time to time, the emphasis on cannon was questioned. Richard Staunton, in 1738, sent home from Moose Fort the 'great guns which we have no carriages for' and maintained that in doing so he was following 'an order to send all things home which was useless'. He was convinced that 'if this place is attacked it must be the small arms and not great guns that must defend it.' Andrew Graham in his 'Observations on Hudson's Bay, 1767-1791' wrote that York Factory was protected by cannon — there were 12 carriage guns and a battery of 15 nine-pounders — but that the shoals and sand bars in the Hayes River kept ships seven miles downriver from the fort, defending it even more.

When George Simpson became governor after the union of the companies in 1821, he soon became critical of what he considered unnecessarily warlike displays at the forts. The North West Company, especially at Fort William, had a large store of cannon which were brought into the new partnership. Simpson wrote in 1822 that they should be given only a nominal valuation as they were of no real use. They might well be disposed of on easy terms; the whole armoury at Fort William probably never would be required by the Company.

Still the movement of cannon into the country continued; troops sent to Fort Garry via York Factory in 1846 dragged nine hefty cannon with them.

On the Pacific Coast the value of cannon occasionally was demonstrated. Cool, young Roderick Finlayson was in charge at Fort Victoria when Indians began killing cattle and discharging their muskets at the stockade. When Finlayson asked them to desist they ignored him. He then had an interpreter run from the fort as if in

At Fort Whoop-up, built by Joe Healy and Al Hamilton of Fort Benton, Montana, a cannon was used to signal the arrival of a fresh supply of whisky and the beginning of trading.

RCMP COLLECTION

RCMP COLLECTION

A Henri Julien sketch of men struggling through the Dirt Hills in southern Saskatchewan with one of the two cannon the N W M P took on their march west to Fort Macleod.

flight, his duty being to make sure that a large Indian lodge was empty. When the interpreter gave the all-clear signal, Finlayson fired a nine-pounder gun and blew the lodge to pieces; the demonstration was followed by peaceful negotiations. As a further demonstration, Finlayson had the Indians place an old canoe in the harbour and, after careful aiming, fired a cannon ball which went through the canoe and bounded off into the woods beyond.

Thirty years later a similar demonstration was given by the North West Mounted Police, newly installed at Fort Macleod in what is now Southern Alberta. John Stuttaford, a member of the force, recalled that Indians asked to be shown the power of the 'great guns' that the police had moved across the plains in their march of 1874. The visitors were told to keep their eyes on a clump of trees nearly a mile away. The guns were fired and some branches fell. Young men were sent to check and galloped back to say the trees had indeed been trimmed by cannon shot.

Neither at Fort Victoria nor Fort Macleod were the Indians as naive as history makes them sound. The coast Indians certainly knew about the cannon carried by ships and the damage they could do. What impressed them at Victoria was the strength and accuracy of the cannon fire.

Before the police arrived on the plains, two cannon were part of the defences of notorious Fort Whoop-Up, a few miles from present-day Lethbridge, where the whisky traders held high revel. The guns helped to discourage Indian attacks, but had another more amiable duty as well: when wagons carrying a fresh supply of liquor from the United States reached a hill 10 miles from the fort a gun was fired.

At this signal anyone who was thirsty and had something to trade hurried off to Whoop-Up. One of these cannon was taken to Lethbridge after the whisky-traders were put out of business by the police. It was used to fire salutes on July 1 and other holiday occasions. It was made of sturdy stuff; amateur gunners loaded it with uncertain quantities of powder, used sods to keep the powder charge in place and were amused to see the gun jump two feet off the ground when fired. Now it is in restored Fort Macleod.

Hudson's Bay Company men discovered that the noise made by saluting guns could be increased by loading them with empty bottles, with which most posts were well supplied. The men who guessed what would be a safe load of powder in an old gun had more confidence than one authority. Lieut Charles Wilson, secretary of the British Boundary Commission, noted in 1858 that Fort Langley had a bastion equipped with 'a very old 6-pounder which I would rather anyone fired off but myself.'

Wherever they were, the pioneers enjoyed firing salutes. Governor Simpson — whatever his private thoughts on the matter — was received at forts with the rattle of musketry and the boom of whatever cannon were available. On scores of occasions Sir James Douglas, governor of British Columbia and a giant of the fur trade, saw Fort Victoria's guns fired in salute to the little steamer *Beaver* as she came and went. Her journeys took her to Sitka in 1840, before Fort Victoria was built, where Russian ships in the harbour gave her a nine-gun salute to which she replied in style.

In his old age — to the horror of some of his subordinates — Douglas said he thought this banging away in salutes was foolish. He had seen the guns used in earnest against the Indians and he had seen Britain and the United States come close to war over San Juan Island in 1859 when five British men-o'-war could have brought 162 guns into action against the Americans on shore. The dispute was settled by arbitration and the Americans acquired the island without the roar of cannon.

Fifteen years after the San Juan incident, the N W M P took two nine-pounder field guns with them on their long march from Dufferin, Manitoba to Fort Macleod. Henri Julien, the artist-correspondent with the force, said the guns were useful only when employed to signal to two men lost in hilly country. He added:

'They were always in the way, retarding our march, took up the time of several men and the service of several good horses . . . had hostilities been encountered [they] would have been of less use than the rifles the gunners should have carried. But, I suppose, they looked military, and therefore had to be dragged along with us, as much for show as for anything else.'

The experience with big guns in the Riel Rebellion has left bitter memories. In the Cut Knife fight, two seven-pounders lost whatever value they might have had in preventing the Indian 'surround', which brought troops under attack from the front and both sides, when their carriages collapsed. Lieut A.L. "Gat" Howard, an American demonstrating an early type of machine gun,

the Gatling, helped prevent the capture of the heavy guns which were dragged away in the retreat of the troops.

A cannon was credited with demoralizing rebel forces in the fight at Frenchman Butte when a shell was landed among Indian marksmen. It also at times demoralized the men who had to assist six horses in moving it across country. Progress was difficult at any time but wet ground made the task a nightmare.

The soldiers and police in the rebellion, with their overpowering strength, were not concerned with the threat of vengeance which earlier cannon-handlers had to consider. At Edmonton, in 1869, attack was threatened by Blackfoot Indians and the situation was so alarming that the fort gates were closed and men stood to arms. A former artilleryman from the United States volunteered to bring two old brass cannon into action. Chief Factor W.J. Christie was consulted and decided that while the Indians might be driven from Edmonton by the big guns they would certainly seek vengeance at other posts less heavily armed. Again, peace was preserved without use of cannon.

At different posts, as at Chesterfield House, cannon were buried. Some never were disinterred and the search for them, until recent times, has not been enthusiastic; the stocks on hand were adequate. In 1934 when the City of Toronto required cannon for restored Fort York the Hudson's Bay Company was pleased to send along two from the seven it had in the basement in Winnipeg.

As recently as 1971, a five-ton naval gun was dug up in the grounds of the B.C. legislative buildings in Victoria, where it had been buried 50 years before when the military and naval people did not know what else to do with it.

Cannon still in use attract pranksters. The noon gun at Ottawa was stolen in 1966 by university students who planned to display it in a carnival parade but were forced by police to surrender it.

The 9 o'clock gun at Vancouver was stolen in 1969 by students who claimed, when they returned it, that $1,000 had been pledged to charity by businessmen who 'ransomed' it. In 1974 this gun was silenced for six months for cleaning and repairing after rocks and bricks had been thrust into the barrel over the powder and the gun had been fired, damaging a barge.

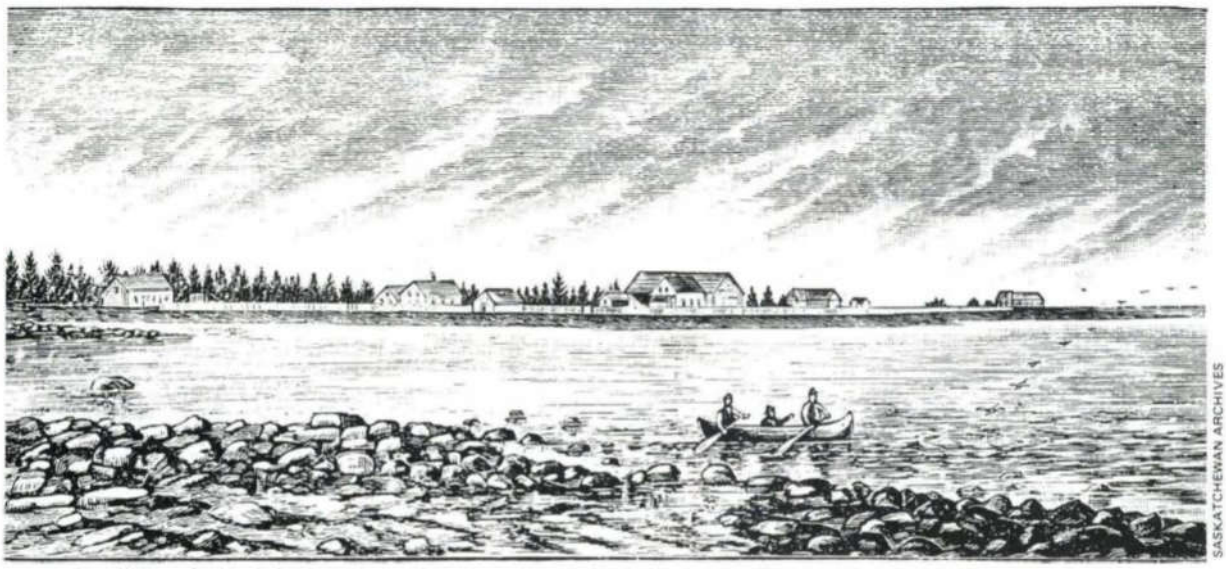
Since the days when the French settlers in Quebec procured cannon from sailing ships and with infinite difficulty brought them into position to protect their communities, Canadian militiamen have gained some scattered experience with big guns and the pride of artillerymen was kept alive. Commissioner G.A. French, first commissioner of the N W M P was a gunner and so were numbers of his men, including the redoubtable Sam Steele.

Lt-Col T.B. Strange became the Dominion Inspector of Artillery in 1873 and was determined to see that the country had something better for its defence than smooth-bore cannon on rotting gun carriages. Once, when unable to obtain funds from authorities for repairs, he caused a battery's guns to be galloped over rough ground until one by one the wheels and axles broke.

By 1892 some nine-pounder smooth-bore guns still were on strength and would have been recognized as old friends by the early fur-traders. But the purchase of better guns was authorized, bit by bit, and Canadian artillerymen developed the skills and *esprit de corps* that won them high regard in two world wars. ◆

A five-ton naval gun, buried for 50 years in the grounds of the B.C. legislative buildings, was dug up in 1971.

The noon gun in Ottawa, bought for $250.45 in 1869.



SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES

Otto Klotz, who headed a Canadian exploratory survey of the Saskatchewan River, arrived at Cumberland House in 1884. This engraving is from a photograph taken by a member of his expedition.

CUMBERLAND HOUSE

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, in the summer of 1774, Samuel Hearne, with eight white men and two Indians set out to establish a fur-trade post at or near The Pas. It was to be the Company's first inland post, competing directly with the 'Pedlors' from Montreal for the Indian trade.

Hearne pushed beyond the 'Canadian' posts at and around The Pas and built sixty miles up the Saskatchewan River on Pine Island. The location he chose was on a bay, east of present-day Cumberland House. 'The Spot I propose to build the Proper house on is fine and Levle' he wrote 'and tho not very high has seldom or Ever ben known to overflow'.

The first winter the men lived in a log tent and kept their supplies in a warehouse at the east end of the shelter. Fresh moss was stuffed between the tent logs for insulation; the storeroom was plastered with clay and thatched with long grass. As winter approached, Hearne was soon concerned for the morale of his men. Transportation was dependent on the Indians, some 150 rival traders surrounded them and food was in short supply. Hearne wrote: 'it is with the greatest difficualty I can Preswade them from thinking that Entire famine must Ensew'.

Few furs were traded the first winter, but in the post's third season Matthew Cocking, then in charge, traded 6,162 Made Beaver, up from the initial return of 1,647.

During the years 1789 to 1792 Cumberland House was moved about one and a quarter miles along the lake to its present location.

The North West Company maintained a post nearby and when Captain John Franklin R.N. visited the area in January 1820 he noted that the 'houses of the two Companies, at this post are situated close to each other . . . They are log-houses, built without much attention to comfort, surrounded by lofty stockades, and flanked with wooden bastions.'

On the union of the Companies in 1821 the English fort, being 'large and tolerably well built' with glass windows and gallery in front, was the one to be occupied.

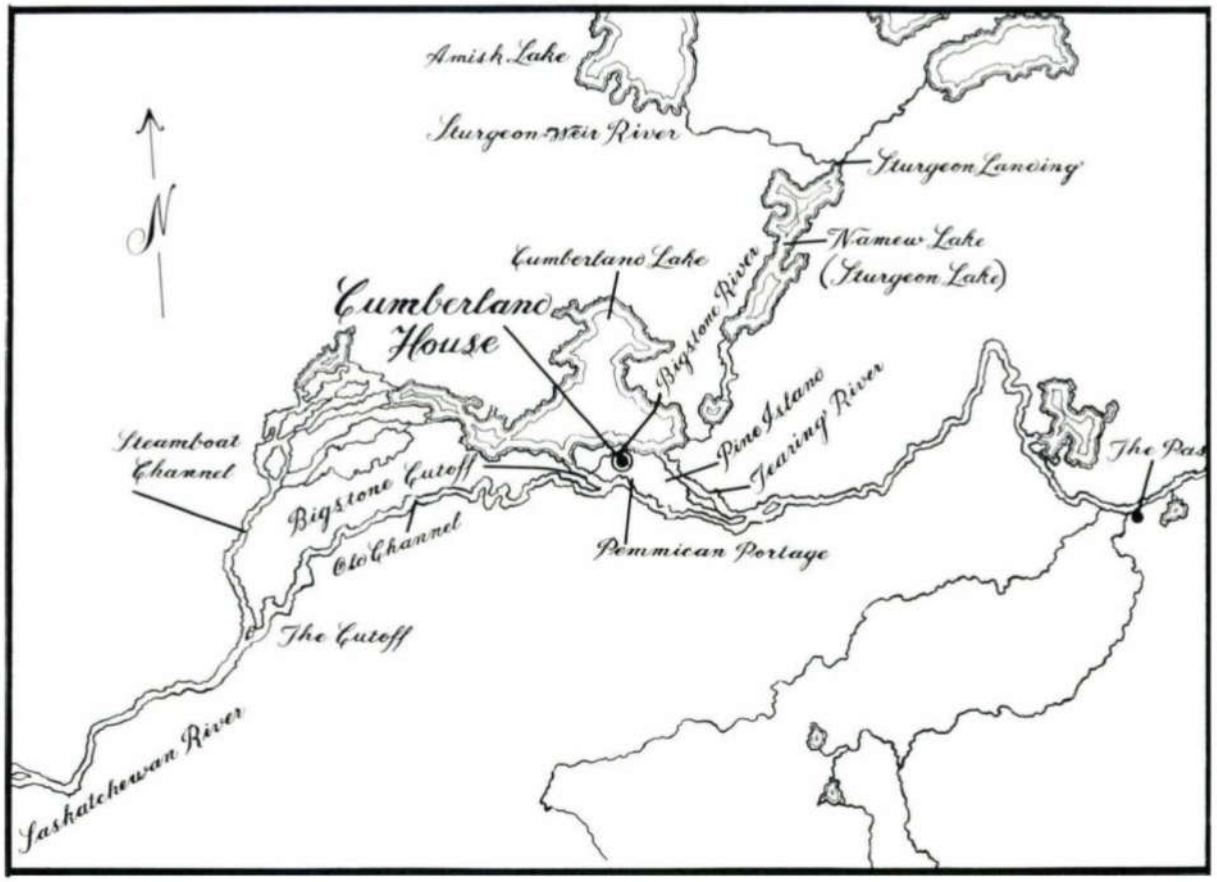
Strategically located at the junction of several water routes, Cumberland House remained an important distribution depot until it was overshadowed by Norway House. From about 1830 it declined in importance, although it continued to be a pemmican depot and provided supplies for passing brigades.

The introduction of steamboats on the Saskatchewan in 1874 revived to some extent the community's role as a transportation and distribution centre. Thomas Settee who today is Chief of 200 Cree Indians at Cumberland House, recalls that in 1905 three steamboats worked out of the settlement in the summers and that 'everything went through here – all the goods and provisions.'

Today there is still trapping in the muskrat marshes and fishing in the lake that was once known as Sturgeon. In 1967 an all-weather road was completed and a ferry was put into operation to link Cumberland House with 'road's end'. Four years later telephones were installed. The years of isolation which followed the abandoning of the Saskatchewan as a river highway had ended. ◆

J.B. Tyrrell who edited the 'Journals of Hearne and Turnor' for the Champlain Society, 1934, writes that the original location of Hearne's fort was in a bay east of its present location and near the site afterwards occupied by the Anglican mission. Here, close to the moss-covered stone foundation of the old mission built in the 1840s, local inhabitants have uncovered the remains of several old fireplaces that may have warmed Hearne's log tent and dwelling house.

1774 - 1794



From 1888 to 1900, Bishop Ovide Charlebois, of St Joseph's Mission at Cumberland House, travelled widely from Prince Albert to The Pas. On the right is his church and below right, is his old log school house, built in 1890.

G. CARRIERE, O.M.I.

ARCHIVES HISTORIQUE OBLATES

SASKATOON STAR-PHOENIX COLLECTION

The first log hospital built by the people of Cumberland House in 1940. It was replaced in the 1960s.

The modern 'Bay' store, built in 1966.

SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES

The spring move to the muskrat marshes has been a tradition with Indian families for many years. When canoes and supplies are unloaded, the team will return on the ice the next day. At the end of the season, the trappers and their families will come in to the settlement by canoe with their furs.

ISOBEL SCRIVER

SASKATCHEWAN GOVERNMENT

A modern six-room school and (left) two kindergarten pupils painting with poster paint.

NATIONAL HISTORIC SITES

Bill McKenzie with the shallow waters of Cumberland Lake in the background.

BY DEANNA CHRISTENSEN

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'Steamboat Bill' of Cumberland House

BILL McKENZIE, BORN AT CUMBERLAND HOUSE, Saskatchewan in 1901, stood behind the old Hudson's Bay Company buildings, looked over a boggy marsh towards the receding water of Cumberland Lake and recalled that back in 1915 when the sternwheeler *Nipawin* came in from Budd's Point you could see the steam and exhaust for miles.

'I'll never see those days again' he said 'and it just makes me sad when I see this lake turning into a hay meadow.'

Known as 'Steamboat Bill' around Cumberland House (population 1,200) McKenzie recalled the days when the sternwheelers plied the waters between The Pas and Sturgeon Landing by way of the Saskatchewan and Bigstone Rivers and Cumberland and Sturgeon (now Namew) Lakes. In those days he was young, weighed 128 pounds, and could 'jump like a squirrel'.

The era of the Saskatchewan River steamboats came to an end in the 1920s, but for Bill McKenzie who was part of that era, the memories are still poignant, even though Cumberland Lake and the community of Cumberland House have changed considerably over the years.

'When I see the river, it makes me lonesome thinking about it – those days when I used to throw a line overboard and get somebody to tie it, and tell the boys what to unload.'

Steamboats were introduced on the Saskatchewan in 1874. The first boats, which included *Northcote, Marquis, North West* and *Lily* travelled the waters of the Saskatchewan from Grand Rapids to Edmonton with varying degrees of success. In later years, smaller boats were used but few attempted to travel the entire river which, due to fluctuating water levels, was unsuitable much of the time for steamboat transportation.

Bill McKenzie came from a family of riverboat men. His great uncle, Geordie Cox, worked on the Hudson's Bay Company's *Northcote* and his father was a crew member on another Company sternwheeler, *Saskatchewan*. According to McKenzie, he and his family were a 'heavy mixture'. His ancestors were Indian, French, and Scottish Hudson's Bay Company traders – 'so when I smell that oatmeal porridge in the morning, I like to get the first bowl of it.'

Bill McKenzie's experiences with steamboats began when he was a young lad hanging onto his mother's shawl. 'I used to see the smoke-stacks and then the steamboats coming across the lake and I'd ask the names of the boats that were walking on the water. The steamers would blow their whistles and everyone would go down to see the boats smoking and watch those fellows working like slaves unloading all the freight.'

When he was eight years of age, McKenzie made his first trip on a sternwheeler. His father, Dougal McKenzie was third mate on the *Saskatchewan*; when his aunt died in Prince Albert, the young boy and his mother travelled to her funeral on 'Dad's boat'.

'It would have been haying month then because the water was low' he recalled. 'From then on I didn't think

of anything but sternwheelers. I wanted to be a sailor.' On a subsequent trip from Prince Albert to Cumberland House on the *Saskatchewan*, the rapids made a lasting impression on the boy. It was in June and he and his mother were 'camped' on the deck.

'They say that Tobin Rapids, Squaw Rapids, and Cole Falls were wicked but I was enjoying myself' he remembered. 'Water was ripping all over and I wanted to see the ship miss those big rocks by inches. Those pilots had to know their business. If you ever stopped or missed the channel when you hit the boiling water, the boat would roll over like a ball.'

Moise Sayhes was the pilot on the *Saskatchewan* at that time and young McKenzie saw him 'waving this way and that, telling the mate and the captain which way to steer.' It is said that Sayhes gained his knowledge of the river by stopping at the rapids in the fall when the river was 'boiling down to nothing'. He would study the position of the big rocks and speculate about the way the current would go in the spring.

The *Saskatchewan* left Prince Albert at 3 a.m. and by 2 p.m. the next day, was at the powder house at Cumberland. The trip up the river was slower, for when the water was low, the crew had to steam-winch up the rapids.

'They would tie a cable to a tree on shore and line up, with the winch doing all the grinding' he explained.

When Bill McKenzie was 14 he asked Captain Horatio Ross for a job on the *Nipawin*, one of the sternwheelers owned by the Ross Navigation Company. The Captain told the boy that he was too young – 'but I knew he liked me and that he would have me in the future'.

Captain Ross was one of the most colourful of the riverboat men. His first ship, the *Assiniboia*, was put into service in 1905 and wrecked the following year. He then operated a number of other boats on the river before organizing the Ross Navigation Company with headquarters in The Pas, Manitoba. The *Nipawin*, with cabins and steerage space for passengers and a freight-carrying capability of 35 tons, was considered the flagship of the fleet. Ross's other boats included *Sam Brisbin*, *Notin*, *Tobin*, and *The Pas*.

A week after young McKenzie had asked for work on the *Nipawin*, Ross reconsidered his request and asked the boy if he would like to fire – shove wood into the fires under the boilers. He accepted the job and worked in the heat of the boiler room through one summer; the following summer, he worked as a deck hand, washing the deck, hauling sacks of flour, and loading freight.

After the first two summers, McKenzie was mate for seven seasons, handling the wheel and piloting the ship. The ship was run on six-hour shifts – six hours on and six hours off.

'We used to have the ship loaded at The Pas by supper on Tuesday; then we would dress in uniform to take on the passengers. About 8 o'clock, we'd blow one whistle to stand by, ring one bell, and then you would hear everything begin to move. Two big whistles, two bells

The 'Saskatchewan', the sternwheeler that introduced McKenzie to the excitement of river transport as a boy of 8.

McKenzie started work on the 'Nipawin' at 14 and stayed with her until her last run in August 1924.

and a short whistle sounded and we'd back up slow into The Pas river. Then four buzzers would sound for full speed ahead.'

McKenzie's shift at the wheel was from 12 midnight until 6 a.m. while the Captain took charge of the passengers – some of whom (especially the prospectors) were 'real wild' and inclined to fall overboard. On some nights the midnight shift at the wheel was like guiding the ship into 'black velvet'. In difficult spots a guide pole – white with a black knob on top – was used.

'And suppose there is a big elbow or a bend in the river. You're coming at nine knots an hour, and you don't see any water. What do you do? You turn the wheel a little bit, just about one degree west and you see kind of a looking glass ahead. Then you turn back to two degrees again, hang onto the middle spoke, and there's the river looking at you.'

After nights at the wheel the youthful mate would have memorable breakfasts of grapefruit, oatmeal, hot cakes and maple syrup; then he would shave, talk to a few people, and 'hit the pillow' until the bell rang for the woodpile six miles below Pemmican Portage. At that signal he would put on coveralls and help load cordwood onto the ship.

'We had dinner at Cumberland House, supper at Sturgeon Landing, and then unloaded, even if it took until midnight Wednesday. The next morning we would wash the deck and wood up. We left Sturgeon Landing at Thursday noon, got to Cumberland Thursday night at supper-time, and hit The Pas at about 3 o'clock Friday morning. Then three, big, long whistles woke everybody up.'

When the ship was washed down Friday morning, the crew had their only time off – a half day on Friday. Saturday was spent getting the boat in shape, and on Sunday various groups in The Pas hired the *Nipawin* to take them to Whitefish Creek playground for picnics or a baseball game. On Monday, preparations were made for the up-coming week.

'The old cap, he was strict' McKenzie recalled. 'The ship was kept as white as white flour. The steps and whistles were made of brass and they had to be kept polished. There were even special places to scratch matches. Everything was first class, especially the food. At noon we'd have roast beef, potatoes, salad, and at supper, the same. They'd pull out a good turkey, or we'd have roast beef again, or chicken. Something new pretty near twice a week, and lots of ice cream. I never got tired of it.'

According to McKenzie the passengers in the cabins paid 50 cents for a meal, but the lower fare passengers below deck usually brought their own food and got free water from the boiler room for making tea. Passengers included prospectors, surveyors, engineers, interpreters, fishermen, trappers, and families going to visit the men working at the mines. The *Nipawin* could carry 35 tons of freight in its hold and had a barge for transporting extra cargo and for hauling ore. There was a jail under the stairs, a dining-room, a sitting-room, and a counter where ice cream was sold. McKenzie recalled that the cabins would accommodate approximately 36 people, but several times steerage passengers brought the total number of passengers to near the 50 mark. Lower fare passengers paid $2.05 from The Pas to Cumberland and $3.05 from The Pas to Sturgeon Landing, while the rate for Cabin A was approximately $26.00.

For the crew of the *Nipawin* the weather, sand-bars, rocks, and deadheads – trees undercut by erosion and 'washed off the bank, branches, roots and everything' –

The boilers of the 'Northcote' are all that remain of the H B C vessel that was beached at Cumberland House by low water in 1886.

NATIONAL HISTORIC SITES

presented major navigational problems.

'You have to know where they are. There's lots of dodging you have to do coming up that river. I'm not bragging what kind of sailor I was but golly, I used to go through those rocks at night. Sometimes we were wind-bound at Sturgeon Landing. Well, I could take off after supper and land here at Cumberland without hitting one of them rocks. If you hit a sandbar going down river you have to throw your anchor and winch her up. Then you load up some cable, go to shore and fasten on. At the same time you're backing up to put water under the ship. We had to watch Sturgeon Lake though. At one point the lake was 75 feet deep, and if the wind blew for half an hour, the waves could be six feet high. We had to watch or head for shore and tie up for a while.'

Bill says they never were wind-bound on the Saskatchewan River, but he does remember one 'wicked storm' that hit six miles below Pemmican Portage. 'I hear bells pounding — stop and go; stop and go. The captain gets me out of bed. He couldn't see anything and the mate was lost and had let the wheel go. The ship was running slow and that's where he made a mistake. I blew the whistle for full speed, and away she went. I leaned half way over the edge of the ship to watch my old guide pole as we were going down. Lots of places it seemed like we'd hit shore, but I knew I was in the middle. When I came to Halfway Island, it was getting easier and we ran away from the storm. The Captain was pleased. He told me I was a good skipper and gave me the next day off.'

With the discovery of copper at Schist Lake near Flin Flon, the role of steamboats in the Cumberland House district took on new dimensions. Previously the stern-wheelers had been used mainly to carry passengers, supplies, and freight between settlements. Now they had an additional task: transporting ore. Mandy Mine went into production in 1917, and for a number of years the ore was hauled to Sturgeon Landing during the winter months by horse-drawn sleds. The massive piles of ore became a familiar sight to riverboat men.

'In the spring when the ice went out there were two big mountains of smashed copper on both sides of the river. Big docks were built and there were three barges, five feet deep down to the hull, but when they were loaded with all that smashed copper, they were just two feet from the water to sunk.'

The barges were attached, one at a time, to a lever at the front of the sternwheeler and then pushed along the water highway through Sturgeon and Cumberland Lakes. The steamboat would back up into the Bigstone River and then into the Bigstone Cut-Off Channel where the barges were released to travel down the Cut-Off to the Saskatchewan River.

By 1925 the days of the sternwheelers were over. A railway had been extended from The Pas to Flin Flon and steamboats were no longer needed to carry ore. According to Bill McKenzie, the *Nipawin* made its last run on 12 August 1924; then the boat was torn down and used as a barge. He worked on the *Tobin* for the rest of the season, hauling fishermen and wood. Then work on the river ended. 'There was no business and no money. The water had gone down. The rapids had boiled dry. We had to quit. So we pulled everything up, put it away and the railway took over. It was a sad day.'

Today, left with his memories and stories, Bill McKenzie looks back with pride to the 'coal-oil' days when Cumberland House was a busy port and he was a mate on the *Nipawin*, earning a good living. He is 'homesick', he says, thinking of the old days, the *Nipawin* and 'this nice old lake going dry.' ◆

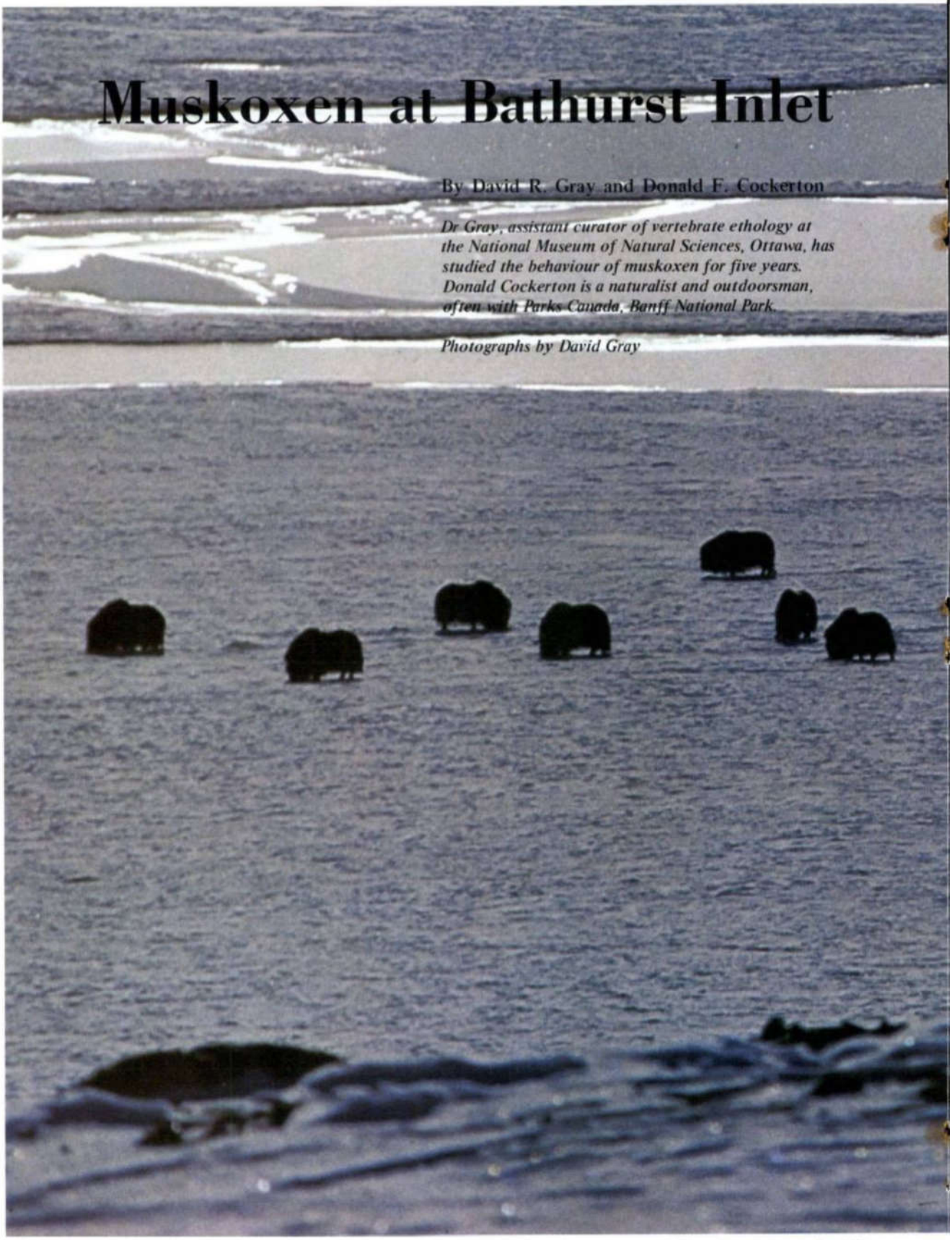
Cumberland House in 1929, as it would be when Bill McKenzie tended the garden and animals for the Post Manager and travelled to Pine Bluff with the clerk to buy muskrat skins.

Muskoxen at Bathurst Inlet

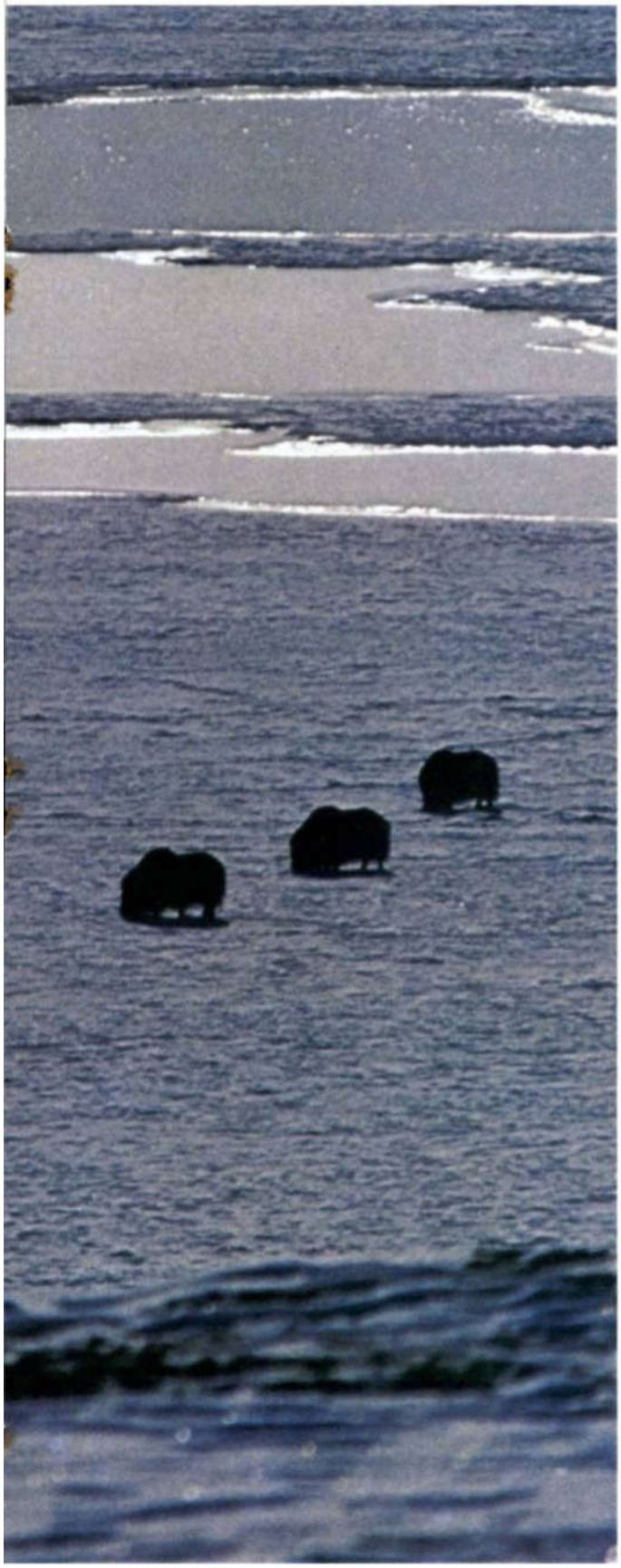
By David R. Gray and Donald F. Cockerton

Dr Gray, assistant curator of vertebrate ethology at the National Museum of Natural Sciences, Ottawa, has studied the behaviour of muskoxen for five years. Donald Cockerton is a naturalist and outdoorsman, often with Parks Canada, Banff National Park.

Photographs by David Gray



A herd of grazing muskoxen, Bathurst Island, September 1970.



FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS of arctic exploration to the present search for minerals, oil, and gas, men have over-wintered in the Arctic: some in comfort, some in great agony. Few were biologists. The problems of logistic support, accommodation, and the nature of the arctic winter made winter studies of wildlife difficult.

In the spring of 1968, when the National Museum of Natural Sciences and the Polar Continental Shelf Project established the High Arctic Research Station on Bathurst Island, N.W.T., they provided biologists with an opportunity for long-term and year-round studies of arctic animals.

The research station is situated on a 200-foot ridge overlooking Polar Bear Pass, the broad flat marshland stretching between Goodsir and Bracebridge Inlets. This unusually lush valley is about 20 miles long and contains two large shallow lakes and many braided streams. It is dotted with ponds and polygons. North of the valley the rolling hills reach an elevation of 800 feet and are dissected by deep gorges and smaller streams. To the south the land rises gently to the central barren highlands. In 1970, the research station consisted of two 16' x 16' Parcoll huts (insulated and fabric-covered with aluminium frame and wooden floor) and a fibreglass-plastic 'igloo' used for storage.

The National Museums began a study of muskox behaviour on Bathurst in 1968 and this project, along with other behavioural and ecological studies, continues today. The proposal to study the winter ecology and behaviour of muskoxen during the winter of 1970-71 was developed in hopes of filling the obvious gaps in the knowledge of the muskox. Evidence of a limited die-off during the winter of 1967-68 and a proposed muskox hunting program by the Inuit of Resolute Bay made such a study even more desirable.

The proposal was approved and arrangements were made for use of the station and the additional logistic support required for a ten-month stay.

It was decided that a party of two would be most suitable and efficient for over-wintering in relative isolation. Before the plans were anything more than an idea we, as fellow naturalists and companions of many wilderness hikes, had agreed on the tremendous opportunity and challenge the winter study offered; the research team was quickly established.

We flew out of Edmonton on 12 August and after a short stopover in Resolute Bay, arrived at Bathurst in the midst of a foreshadowing flurry of snow. The summer field crew were still at the station; when they departed on August 19, feelings of anticipation engulfed us.

With the knowledge that a lasting snowfall could occur at any time, our last days in August were busy. We checked food and fuel supplies, rearranged cooking and sleeping facilities, rolled fuel drums to convenient locations and winterized the buildings. One hut was to be for sleeping and cooking, the other for storage and opera-

The High Arctic Research Station:
two fabric-covered huts – one for sleeping and cooking and the other for storage and operation of generators.

tion of the generators needed to charge our radio batteries.

The day of transition from fall to winter was August 31. The morning began with the pleasant zipping sound of snow falling from the fabric of the hut's roof. We emerged to find the ground covered with five inches of new snow. At midday, as the brisk north wind swept the clouds to the southern horizon, a long line of caribou wound their indirect way south across the valley. We saw over 75 of the white, velvet-antlered Peary Caribou move across the fresh snow in the valley that afternoon. This migration, the snowfall, and the sudden drop in temperature seemed to us to herald the start of winter. This impression deepened as we watched the expanses of clean flat white change colour from rosy pink to a cold blue as the sun passed below the horizon.

With winter conditions upon us, we soon settled into the daily pattern which we were to follow for many months. The first activity of the day was the recording of the morning weather observation. Following breakfast and the daily radio schedule, we checked our surroundings by spotting scope to locate the muskox herds and anything else of interest. From camp we could see about 60 square miles of lowlands.

Each day, weather permitting, we travelled on foot or skis out to a muskox herd and from closer range, observed and recorded the details of behaviour using binoculars and a spotting scope. It was desirable to record the behaviour of animals without their being aware of our presence. To do this and to avoid the risk of alarming the herd (which could result in a minor stampede) we never approached too closely, wore white camouflage suits or made use of rocks, ridges, or snowdrifts for concealment. We recorded observations in field notebooks and on film, or, when things got particularly exciting, we used tape recorders and transcribed the notes back at camp. Most days we packed a lunch and stayed out long enough to record during several of the active feeding periods of the herd. Our return to camp was governed only by the activity of the herd, our ability to withstand the weather conditions and the routine of our evening weather report to Cambridge Bay. Within that framework, we had much flexibility.

An increase in the numbers of muskoxen in the study area to a total of 120 allowed us even more variation. On some days we could observe and compare the feeding and resting periods of up to six herds without leaving camp. We found no obvious differences between herds. In general all muskoxen fed for about 150 minutes then lay down to ruminate and rest for another similar length of time. This pattern followed closely the activity cycles seen during summer.

In September, several of the smaller herds of typical summer size (averaging 5-7 animals) joined to form the larger herds of winter. One such encounter led to a spectacular clash between the lead bulls of two herds. After a preliminary round of threat displays, the two backed up until separated by about 100 yards. Then, like two war-horses on a mediaeval jousting ground, they charged at a full gallop, meeting head-on with a resounding crash. Knowing how well equipped the bulls were for this typical muskox method of establishing dominance, we still were very impressed as this initial charge was followed by 15 others in the next 15 minutes. The winner was determined after a six-minute pushing, hooking fight. After more displays, possibly as a procla-

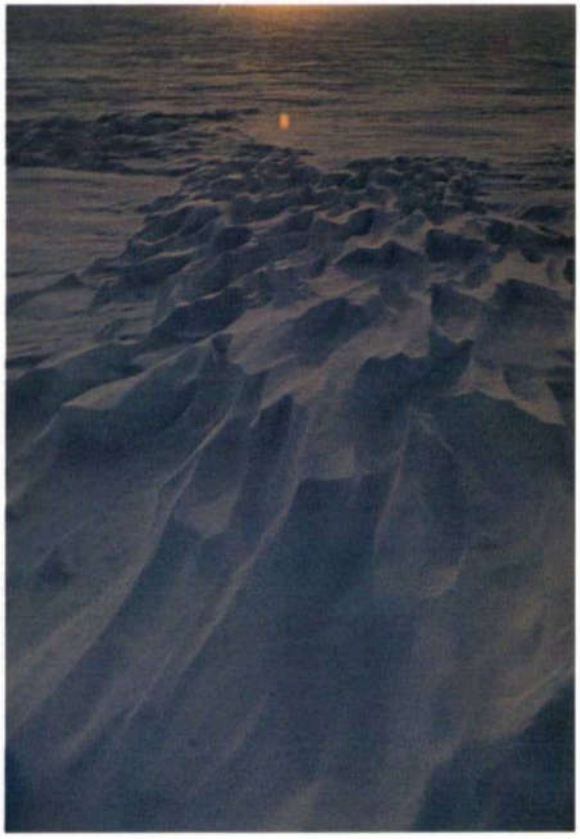
mation of superiority, the victor joined the combined herds and promptly began an investigation of the female members of the new herd. The defeated bull, with one other bull following, set off across the valley at a fast pace seldom used by the usually slow-moving animals.

The same month we watched an exciting interaction between a pack of six white wolves and a muskox herd. As the pack approached the ten muskoxen they formed their line of defence; the four adult wolves began circling and leaping up at individual bulls or cows. Meanwhile the two large pups sat close by, watching intently. The lead bull kept the other muskoxen from running and shouldered his way through the herd, eventually bringing some order to the apparent confusion and disorder as individual muskoxen charged out at the circling wolves. The first phase of the attack lasted 25 minutes and was followed by a two-hour rest for both groups. After a

The Arctic fox, Alphonsus, stands over the carcass of a muskox.

Tough snow cover in the winter of 1973-74 resulted in a loss that was estimated at 60% of the muskox population in a preliminary survey by the Canadian Wildlife Service. Examination of carcasses indicated death by starvation, with snow conditions – heavy crust, late melting, and heavy drifting – the major factor.

The light of the returning sun in early February falls across a drift of hard, wind-packed snow.



A herd of muskoxen move into defence position as the research team approaches.

brief second skirmish, in which the roughly circular formation of the muskoxen proved more effective, the wolves moved off again, trotting in single file behind the male leader. The pups, typical youngsters, brought up the rear – slowed down by their insatiable curiosity.

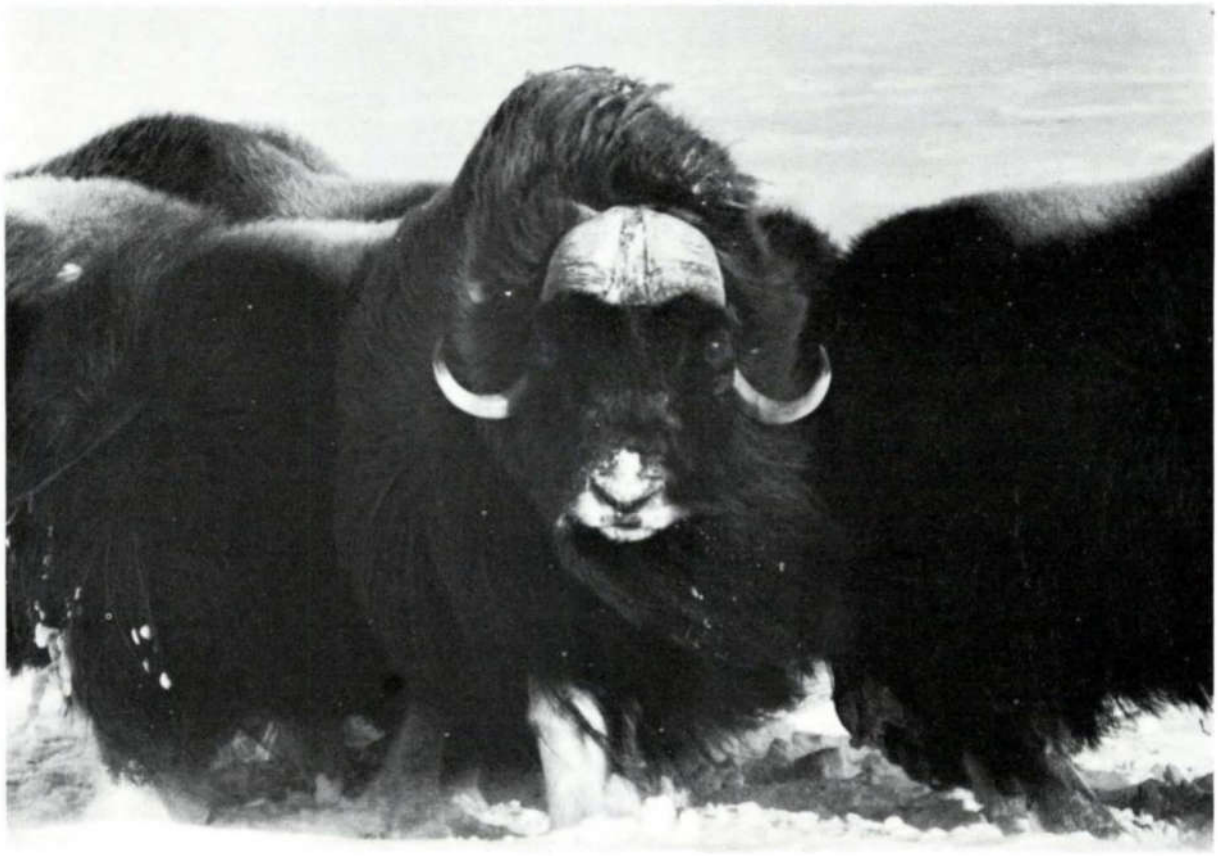
October brought renewed snowfalls and a gradual reduction in hours of daylight. As the arc of visible sun daily diminished, the colour and fiery brilliance of the sky and clouds became intense. In the evenings this brilliance was replaced by the colder, softer brightness of the rising moon. We studied the face of the moon, learning many new features including the crater 'Alphonsus'. This name we gave to the young fox that often observed our lunar searches.

During the stormy first week in November, we saw the noon sun peer briefly over the horizon, then drop below it, not to appear again until early February. For much of the ensuing dark period, the light from the sun skimming along several degrees below the horizon created pastel skies on clear days and we had adequate light for most activities. Complete darkness with nothing visible did come, however, especially on cloudy days in mid winter.

As daylight decreased and the temperatures dropped, long observation periods became difficult. Often the approach of darkness terminated the recording of a sequence of muskox behaviour as we strained to see the dark bodies obscured by the rosy-grey mists. By working together, especially when the chill of sitting still for an hour or more at sub-zero temperatures became almost unbearable, we could take turns at crawling away from the observation post to a place out of sight of the herd and performing a warming-up dance. After the vigorous exercise, with the appendages happier and mitted fingers again capable of clutching a pencil, we could continue recording observations for another hour. Still, fingers and toes always had to keep moving inside the shelter of mitts and boots. Our shapes bulged as we stuffed movie and still cameras, tape recorders, and telephoto lenses between shirt and parka to prevent the mechanisms from seizing up in the bitter cold.

Through November many muskox herds moved out of our valley. Some just wandered slowly westwards and disappeared from view. Other herds moved quickly across the flats and away over the hills. One herd made a spectacular exit. After feeding calmly along a narrow stretch of riverbank, the group suddenly began walking, slowly at first, then more and more swiftly until the whole group was galloping down the middle of the valley. In the orange and blue light of a sunless morning, the steam from working lungs and the fine particles of snow dusted up from 120 hooves formed a wispy trail of

A bull muskox stands with his herd in defence formation.



fog above and behind the pounding herd. More impressive, however, was the sound. The crackle of hooves breaking through the thin wind-crust of the snow reached us on our hill-top vantage point over a mile away. The clear windless air created the odd feeling of disembodied sounds close at hand while the source galloped soundlessly across the distant snow.

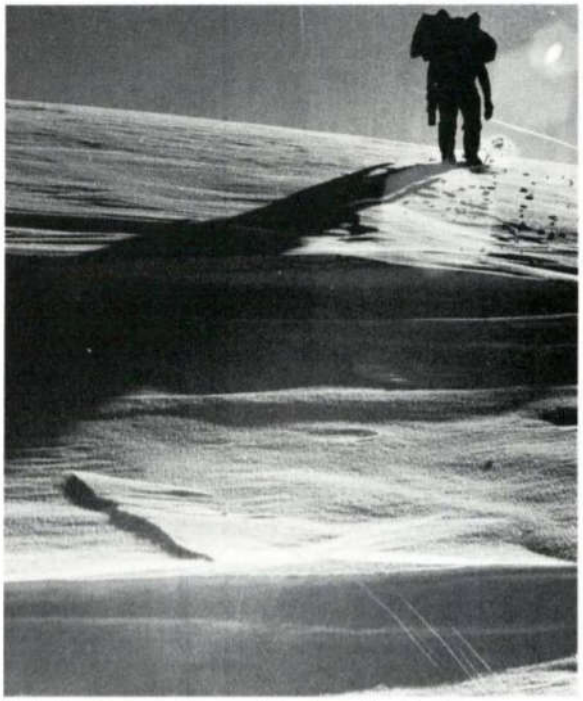
By November 14, only one large herd remained close to camp. We collected information through long observation periods until they too moved off into the ice-fog and disappeared. That night the full moon was adorned with an ice-crystal halo and by its light, at − 17°F, we measured the characteristics of the snow cover where the muskoxen had been feeding. They had reached the dried vegetation below the foot-deep snow by pawing through a two-inch wind crust. Blocks of crust and the softer snow had been pawed away by the forefeet, exposing the vegetation in a ground-level air-space.

After November 27 there were no herds left in the study area. We looked for the missing muskoxen every morning and several times daily with the spotting scope. Trips to various parts of the study area on foot, skis, or recalcitrant skidoos failed to reveal any animals.

Our activities were always based on the probability of their return. It was possible that they were only just beyond our normal range of travel. Peering through the spotting scopes or skiing as quietly as we could over a ridge or around a river bend for two months we saw only occasional lemming holes or tracks, hare and fox diggings, but no other signs of animal life. It was as though we were on call, rather than active field biologists. Was it really worth seeing where muskoxen were not?

Times for such thoughts were few — there were the usual maintenance chores, the constant struggle with obstinate skidoos, radio schedules, twice-daily weather observations, and inside activities. Though we did maintain daily touch with the tundra world, we also slept eight to ten hours, cooked and ate well, read, carved soapstone, painted, and played the guitar and recorder. The radio voices of Russia, Britain, Holland, and occasionally South Africa, Canada, or Cairo came through loud and clear. We continued to maintain a regular daily routine in spite of the temporary absence of muskoxen, but the emphasis was necessarily changed.

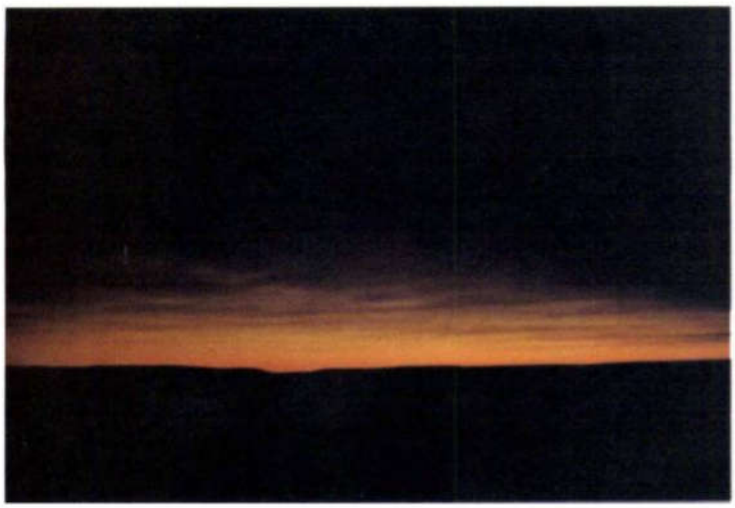
Our days began when warm feet touched the cold floor. Fumbling first for duffel socks and sweater, we twisted the stove control to high, then reached for the lantern hanging near the drying rack. One of us would fire up the Coleman stove for porridge; the other would keep right on dressing out to the parka to take the morning weather observation. With anemometer in hand the duty officer of the day would barge out into the vestibule, brush back the outer canvas flaps and announce the day: 'Foxling here again, moon northwest, sky clear, minus 43 last night.' Soon after, at 15:30 G.M.T., it was our turn on the radio. 'Polar Shelf Bathurst, Polar Shelf Bathurst, this is VFR Resolute of 4520, how copy, over.' After the usual exchange of 'good mornings' our weather would go out to Resolute eventually to be fed to Edmonton and thence into the Canada-wide weather machine. Every once in a while there would be a message from our families or from Stu MacDonald at the museum in Ottawa so we would stand by until Resolute had gathered weather from the other reporting stations. After copying the message, if radio traffic was light, we had a chance to get a local weather forecast, to enquire about a passing aircraft or to provide the radio operators with more details of our studies and arctic wildlife in general. We had to wait until spring to see the faces that went with the voices and names that shared our winter.



With the winter sun low on the horizon, Don Cockerton climbs up a slope of snow to search for muskoxen.

Over steaming bowls of oats and raisins we discussed our dreams and messages and the day would take shape. Before setting out on any trip, the morning ritual was observed. We would make the circuit of the camp, sometimes with bold, young Alphonsus, the fox, along for company. We would stop at the empty, upended fuel barrel to scan the valley, often by moonlight, looking for any living thing.

On fine dark mornings we would strap on skis and move loudly across the crust. Some mornings our search led us westwards along the ridges towards Bracebridge Inlet; other times we headed north and east, up the Goodsir River and into the low hills, winding our way through the curving wind-carved valleys. Travelling up



The arctic sky looking south at high noon, 1 January 1971.

through these hills always had an air of expectancy even if we had not seen signs or tracks. There was always the chance that a small band of muskoxen or a single caribou might be around a bend or over a crest.

Early in the winter, the screeching and thumping of the skis sliding over the hard zastrugi drifts was in concert with the voices of the snow. For several weeks after a snowfall, the pack wheezed and moaned as it settled under the weight of the first passerby. Each day the snow was sculptured by the wind in new ways. It reflected sky lights and sometimes seemed to exude its own light as the moon and clouds played on it.

We usually left camp before 10 in the morning so as to arrive at the lookout points on the ridges at about noon, the time of maximum visibility. It was often light enough en route that only the brightest stars, the keys of the constellations, twinkled in the blue-blackness. It was still amazing to find, day after day, such a regular clock-like movement occurring above us. It all became simple and beautiful; the relation of clocks, the sun, earth, stars, and moon – and our bearings. We started telling time or direction by using the moon to show us where the sun was hiding below the horizon. We began to hail the she-goat Capella and her kids and Boötes as faithful but seasonal neighbours, and we would steer home by Altair the eagle.

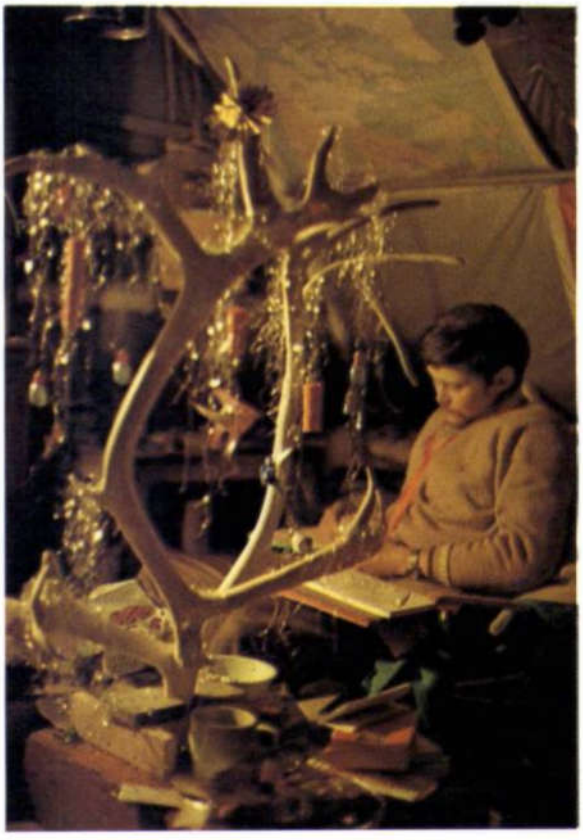
Often our travels led us eastwards through Buttercup Valley to the ridges known as Skull Rise and Signal Hill. There, above the blue ice of Davy Lake we left the skis and kick-stepped in our white boots up the steep bank to the viewing places along the ridge-tops. From here you could look out towards the sea ice of Goodsir Inlet and along the sweeping base of the hill and all up the valley. By moonlight or the dawn-like glow of noon you could see quite well for several miles. If there were no black dots visible from here, we could be sure there were no muskoxen in the whole valley. So we would talk quietly, munch on a chocolate bar, and look out over the landscape; then clomp down the steps made on the way up, strap on the skis and wend our way home.

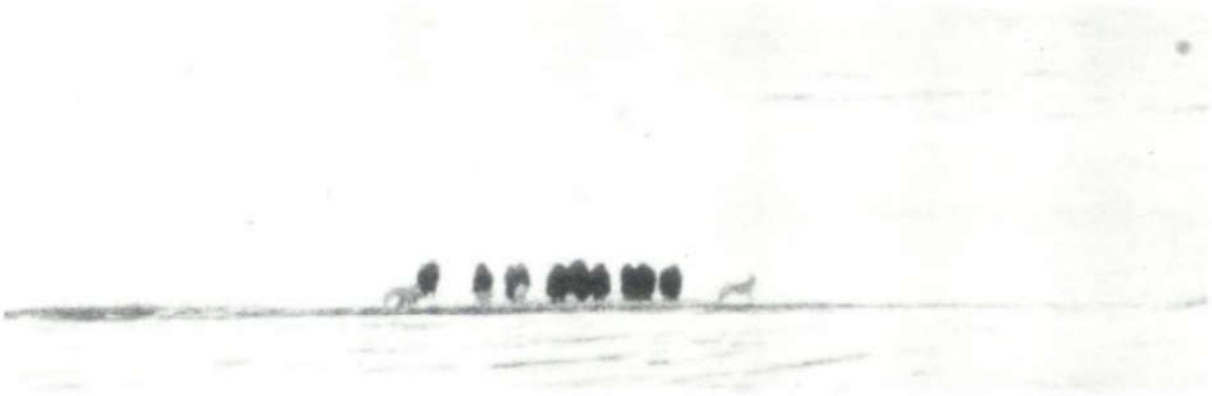
Occasionally through the dark period we would come to a place where an energetic fox had dug down several feet through hard snow or had made as many as 13 shallower holes in one small area. We marvelled at these attempts to catch lemming. Sometimes when we stopped and listened, we could hear a lemming, tunnelling away, secure in the snow below.

Although the heat was turned off whenever we left camp, it did not take long to reheat the building with the space heater, Coleman stove, and the lantern all going together. For a quick meal we would heat up a pot of savoury soup, bolster it with leftovers from previous meals and open a tin of sardines to have with cheese and pickles on Ry-king. Although most of the food was canned or freeze-dried, we had some frozen meat – enough for one small roast every other month and, thanks to friends on Resolute, eight arctic char from Devon Island.

Later in the day, after camp chores were completed we would settle in to read or write letters. In November we had started making Christmas cards. Although we had gotten off to an early start, our greetings went out over the radio waves and our cards waited until the first aircraft-landing in early March.

Caribou antlers and flash bulbs make a festive tree as Don Cockerton relaxes on Christmas Day.





A distant herd under attack by wolves, taken with the aid of a spotting scope.

In December, a crew from the Sun Oil Company was drilling a well on the south end of Bathurst Island, and generously offered to make a Christmas mail drop at our camp. A few days before Christmas, guided by signal flares and the flickering lights of diesel-fuel flare-pots, the Twin Otter on charter to Sun Oil arrived overhead. With their landing light illuminating camp and the twin engines hissing in the cold air, the crew made a perfect drop. The bright orange bag was full of skidoo parts, antifreeze, mail, books, cakes and parcels — so much that the Parcoll was once again crowded. Two white caribou antlers tied together at the base and decorated with used flash bulbs and coloured paper provided our tree and dinner was a ham saved from the last shipment of food and a plum pudding. Christmas cakes were especially abundant and were enjoyed even in March.

With the passing of the winter solstice the pale southern sky soon turned to a bolder blue. It was still cold and the weather records forecast no warming until April, but the gradual lightening of the sky helped embolden our movements. By mid January we could again use the spotting scope to scan the study area by 'daylight' and, on the 4th of February, the routine check of the horizon finally produced the long-awaited shapes. Far to the west of camp a group of 40 muskoxen appeared. Once again the collection of information on muskoxen in winter was underway.

Through long periods of observation, sometimes from camp, sometimes from the vicinity of the herd, we recorded the fluctuations in the herd size and stability, activity cycles, and the behaviour of individuals in the herd.

On the 9th of February, as we struggled with the mysteries of igloo building, the great red ball of the sun peered briefly over the horizon. From inside the half-built snow-house the world was pastel pink on the south side and blue on the north. While celebrating this return of the sun, we re-discovered the key contact points and necessary angles for the snow blocks and quickly completed the snow-house, a new style of observation blind.

Though the increased amount of light made horizons seem closer and travel much easier, there were complications. Prolonged exposure to cold and dampness had impeded circulation in some fingers and toes. Our finger joints swelled sporadically, cuts took a long time to heal and a bad toe infection, despite treatment, persisted for several weeks.

In early March, while watching the large group of muskoxen feeding in deep snow across the valley, we saw a pair of wolves attack. Surprised by the wolves, the herd stampeded for higher ground. One female dropped back from the herd and was quickly cut off by the wolves. After a long struggle the wolves finally succeeded in bringing her down. Later we examined the carcass; though in good condition, she was pregnant, and only about 1½ months from calving time.

In April we again skied through the snow-filled valleys north of camp — now exhilarated by the sparkling new snow, the long downhill runs on the big drifts, the warm-weather skiing free from mitts and nose-warmers. Our high spring spirits were dampened only by the increase in air traffic. Sun Oil was moving their rig north; Hercules and other aircraft flew over camp with surprising frequency. At times it seemed that there were more aircraft here than in the south.

With the return of 24 hours of sunlight in late April, the winter was officially over. Soon the summer field season would begin and new faces and old companions would be back on Bathurst. As we trod carefully over that small part of one island, we thought of what the Arctic had taught us. Of how much there was still to learn of muskoxen and their life. Of how the winter was neither so dark nor so cold as we had expected. The sun had been down for a hundred days and its return was exciting. But in its absence we had come to know better the stars and the face of the moon. We sensed the ceaseless movement of the earth and the seasons, the energy of the wind and the sun. We had observed the movements of animals, the unceasing rhythms of feeding and resting, the complications of their social system, their play and struggle for life, their mistakes and successes, their lives, and their deaths. ◆

Wolstenholme, established in 1909 by Ralph Parsons.

Harvesting the Northern Seas

By A. Dudley Copland

A veteran of the arctic fur trade, Mr Copland joined the Company in 1923 and served for seventeen years in the Eastern and Western Arctic. He is author of 'Livingstone of the Arctic', 'Ookpik the Ogling Arctic Owl', and many articles and radio scripts.

AS A YOUTH in my native Peterhead on the northeast coast of Scotland, I had seen the last two whaling ketches *Albert* and *Vera* return from their annual voyage to Davis Strait and North Baffin Island. I had seen the dripping cargoes of walrus and porpoise hides coming ashore, and smelled that peculiar heavy animal odour, so characteristic of some northern trading posts where country produce is handled. It was on the deck of one of these ketches that I saw my first polar bear and my first Eskimos — two spare crew men who had been prevented from returning to their home village by adverse ice conditions.

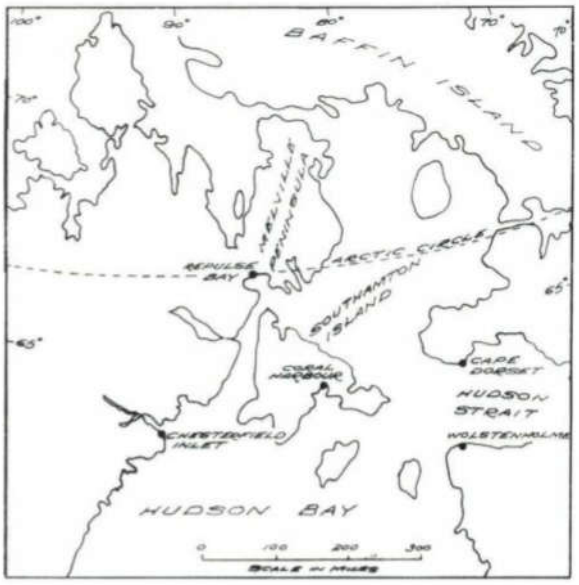
The captains of these two ketches were veteran whaling-masters but by this time the whaling industry had come to an end. Civilization had long depended on natural products for lighting and heating but the discovery of carbon fuels and their potential and the production of synthetics dealt the death blow to whaling as an industry in so far as the bowhead whale was concerned. Gone forever was the age of the crinoline, bustle, and buggy whips, which had helped create the market for baleen. The companies that owned the ships still found it profitable to maintain shore stations to collect country produce: walrus hides, oil, and skins from seals and polar bears.

The men who ran the small stations (usually ex-whalers) were excellent overseers but having no business training they operated on a simple barter system and no new ideas were developed. An economic vacuum was developing in the North — a bleak outlook for the Eskimo people who were well endowed with natural skills, and other skills developed while working closely with the whalers.

Although the Hudson's Bay Company had long held interests in whaling and the harvesting of country produce, the northern bastions of the fur trade in the Eastern Arctic did not extend farther north than Fort Chimo and Fort Churchill. Unlike their rivals, mainly from Scotland and New England, the Company's staff still lacked expertise in collecting country produce.

In 1909 the Hudson's Bay Company ventured into the Eastern Arctic with the establishment of a trading post at Wolstenholme, near the southwestern end of Hudson Strait. This venture was in charge of a young Newfoundlander named Ralph Parsons, later destined to be the last of the Fur Trade Commissioners. He had served in Labrador as a clerk and as tutor to the family of the Labrador District Manager, W.E. Swaffield, who selected him for this new task. The choice was an excellent one and by 1923, under his drive and initiative, several more posts were opened. It was then decided that the Hudson's Bay Company would take over the somewhat dilapidated assets, mainly sub-standard buildings and whaling gear, of the small produce-collecting com-

Ralph Parsons aboard the 'Amadjuak' of the H.B.C.'s Atlantic coast service. The ship was presented to him on retirement.



panies. In the meantime, an unexpected whim of fashion made the white fox, an otherwise useless commodity to the Eskimo, much more valuable. With an assured steady demand, the process of changing the Eskimo male from a nomadic hunter to a self-employed trapper commenced.

With only five trapping months in the year, during which large quantities of meat would be consumed by the growing number of dog-teams, more intensive hunting had to be encouraged. All of the meat could be used, but what of the accumulated by-products of the hunt: oil, hides, and sealskins? An outlet for these would have to be found whereby the Eskimo would have some monetary reward. This the Company could provide because of its long knowledge of the European market, which could still absorb all of the natural products that might be shipped from the North.

Every cent the Eskimos earned from country produce came from their own efforts. They were self-supporting and sturdily independent. What they did lack was whale-boats; those left by the whalers were now long past their better days. So the Company initiated a policy of non-profit sale of whale-boats. As many as could be carried as deck cargo on the two supply steamers were brought in for several years.

During my first year in the Arctic I was stationed at Chesterfield Inlet on the west coast of Hudson Bay. The year was 1923 and here I saw nothing that could remotely match the image I had formed from seeing the whaling ketches. The business that we had at Chesterfield was an extension of the southern fur trade: brief periods of trading in an unheated store with wooden pins (valued at 50 cents each — 20 for one white fox), weeks of producing monthly statements, and long periods of boredom while awaiting the arrival of the winter packet sled from Churchill, or the arrival of the supply ship. The memories of elderly whalers with their fur waistcoats and sealing caps with the ear flaps, swapping yarns around the harbours on a winter evening, were still clear in my mind. Where were the skin-covered kayaks I had imagined every Eskimo hunter owned, and the sealskin clothing I had seen Eskimos wear on the streets of my home town?

The people who lived around Chesterfield Inlet were land-oriented hunters for the most part. They had dog-teams and lived in snow-houses during the winter and in tents in summer. Not one owned a house. We

A. Dudley Copland in 1936, the year of his move to Aklavik as Manager of the Western Arctic.

traders learned to handle dog-teams, and travelled and trapped. Every autumn we, with members of the R C M P, carried out a walrus hunt but even the hides were chopped up for dog food. No produce whatever was shipped out.

In the spring a party of Eskimos arrived in whale boats from Southampton Island where there was no trading post. Their leader, Oudlanak, asked that the Company open a post there and the sub-district manager at Chesterfield, W.E. Mitchell, decided to grant their request. We began the operation by pulling down a building that had been abandoned by the Lampson-Hubbard trading company, and transported it and some trading goods to Southampton Island. We had the building partially re-erected when the *Bayeskimo* arrived with Ralph Parsons aboard. He had not heard of the decision to establish a post on Southampton Island, which he assumed would be uninhabited. Our move appeared to anticipate his own plans for he had closed down a small post on Coats Island, and had about 20 to 25 families from that area on board, for relocation on Southampton Island. The Coats Island people were originally from Cape Dorset; it was on their arrival that I came in contact for the first time with Baffin Islanders.

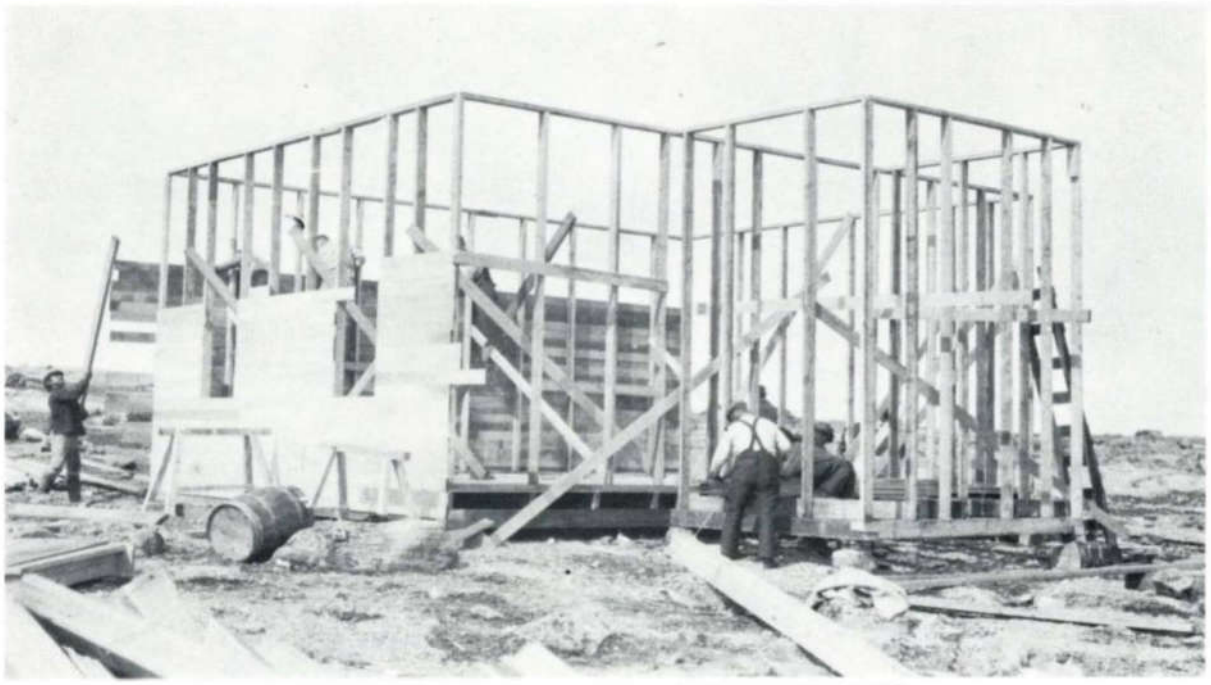
The Aivilik Eskimos from Southampton who had asked us to open the post were expert trappers and efficient hunters of walrus. They also depended on the deer herds on the island for skins and food. The Baffin Islanders, on the other hand, lived almost entirely from the sea. They used kayaks and wore sealskin clothing. The skills of the two different groups gave a balance to the trade and ensured a much more varied use of natural resources. Soon Manager Sam Ford and I, as his clerk, were in the produce business – buying surplus sealskins, walrus hides, and seal oil.

In the early summer of 1925 the *Nascopie* for the first time anchored in Coral Harbour, where our post was situated. On board with District Manager Ralph Parsons was Charles Townshend, the new London-appointed chief of development, and an expert in the marketing and commercial use of natural products. Since the visit was only to be a matter of hours, I was delegated to show the visitor around. His first remark, when he almost sank to the ankles in the limestone gumbo of the beach was 'Portland Cement'. Didn't I realize what we had here on this beach? Then he cast an eye over our few barrels of seal oil and declared it 'absolutely ruined'. Our fur shipment, a good one, which included over 250 polar bear skins, did not impress him. He was a country-produce man who saw our position in the Arctic as an enviable one – holders of a virtual monopoly in a country with unlimited possibilities.

I joined the ship on her voyage to Chesterfield Inlet, the next port of call. During the voyage the development chief spent most of the time impressing returning fur traders with the importance of country produce as against fur. A whim of fashion, he contended, or the successful development of synthetic furs could put us out of business. It sounded most impressive but our District Manager, Ralph Parsons, privately reminded us that we were, first and foremost, fur traders.

My first charge was Repulse Bay. Most of the local hunters in that area had been lured away to Southampton Island or to a new establishment at the head of Wager Inlet where contact had been made with Western Arctic Eskimos who lived around the mouth of Back's Great Fish River. Only a few families actually resided at Repulse Bay and it seemed likely to be a long dull winter without any visitors. However, it was far from dull, for a radio message from Station KDKA, Pittsburg, directed me to attempt the relief of Southampton Island. The *Nascopie* had called in simply to transfer me to Repulse Bay. The Captain had intended to return a week or two later but ice conditions prevented the ship

Polar bear skins spread out to dry on the warehouse roof at Pangnirtung, 1939.



The dwelling house under construction at Southampton Island, 1926.

from getting there. We loaded supplies for Southampton Island on sleds and attempted a crossing of Frozen Strait, which was not frozen that winter. Finally we cached the food along the south shore of Vansittart Island. Later, in the early spring, Sam Ford crossed the strait by whale-boat and picked it up.

My instructions on taking charge of Repulse Bay were to investigate the possibilities of establishing a country-produce and fur-trading station somewhere near Lyon Inlet to the north. Although this was historically whaling country and whales were often sighted from the post, it soon became evident that little would be accomplished. With the Revillon Frères traders well established at Repulse Bay, it would be difficult to persuade people to move north to Lyon Inlet. At Repulse the people were indifferent towards preserving by-products of the hunt. In the spring Archie Hunter and I said goodbye to the community at the floe-edge. Our whale-boat was accompanied for part of our voyage back to Chesterfield Inlet by a large whale which glided alongside, uncomfortably close, I thought.

There was not a single family living on the coast from Repulse Bay south to Chesterfield Inlet, and most of the families from there south to Churchill only briefly visited the coast during summer. We did manage to interest a few of these hunters in walrus hunting at Eskimo Point, which they did from large freight canoes; a few hides were bought and shipped. Even Fort Churchill, where in bygone days a white whale fishery had been operated, no longer attracted the Eskimo and had become dependent on the Chipewyan Indians for its trade.

After a successful year at Eskimo Point I was comfortably settled in one of the *Nascopie's* cabins on my way 'outside' and looking forward to a year-long holiday. On our arrival at Coral Harbour, Sam Ford came on board. He was ill and obviously he would have to be relieved. Since I was the only man on board who knew the island well enough to understand the two peoples, I was asked to stay for another year.

It was pleasant to be back on Southampton. Everything there was in first-class order and I looked forward

Eskimo hunters skinning and de-blubbering a white whale at Pangnirtung.

S. J. STEWART

to an interesting and productive year. My conviction that country produce was the answer to the sagging Arctic economy was strengthened when my trapping partner and I found a large whale washed up on the beach. This was enveloped in a layer of fat, in some places twelve to fifteen inches thick. Some fat had been stripped off by prowling polar bears, but we managed to save some of it and most of the baleen. The longest plates measured twelve and one-half feet – a large 'fish' by the whaler's standard of measurement.

The amount of produce that can be taken from a large whale is almost beyond belief. The late Captain John Murray, the last of the great whaling masters and later master of the *Nascopie*, recorded a yield of twenty-eight long tons of oil and thirty-three long hundredweights of dry, clean whalebone from what was 'the heaviest head of whalebone brought into Scotland by one whaler'. The market price of that amount of baleen at that time was about $20,000.

No sooner had we become absorbed with the idea of saving what we could from the stranded whale, than advice reached us that another whale had been killed at Duke of York Bay, far to the north of the island and closer to Repulse Bay than we were. All the bone had been removed and cleaned and was ready for us if we cared to fetch it. With six of the largest sleds and teams we could muster, we threaded our way through that strange labyrinth of passes in the high country of inland Southampton Island. At that time only three or four white men had ever passed that way before, our guides assured us.

Back at Coral Harbour we now had several families fully employed in processing whale and walrus hides, rendering oil, even tanning sealskins with a preparation imported from Europe by the development department. The entire beach was covered with baleen being bundled for shipment and sewn into burlap covers. Spread-eagled bearskins on large frames covered the roofs of our buildings out of reach of prowling dogs. Dried sealskins in leather were ready for shipment to Port Burwell where industrious Eskimo women had developed a market for their excellent sealskin boots, principally to the Newfoundland sealers.

At my suggestion, some of our people set up an arctic char-fishing camp near the mouth of Kooglooktook (Sutton) River. This river flows in part from Salmon Pond which, I had been told by some people, occasionally burst open from pressure in winter, depositing hundreds of fish around it, so we felt justified in doing some commercial fishing. Twenty barrels were salted down as an experiment. Everything was well organized. Fish were cleanly processed and the correct salt had been used but we erred on one point. My Calvanistic upbringing had not informed me that you do not ship salted fish in recycled pork barrels for the Jewish trade.

During one of the 'sabbatical' leaves which we arctic traders took every five years, a number of us visited the H B C London warehouse for discussions with the development staff. We were welcomed by Governor Charles V. Sales who took part in some of the discussions, and we did gain valuable information on country-produce trade. The removal of white whale epidermis by the traditional ulu, we were told, ruined the fine grain of the porpoise leather. It should be removed chemically and in civilization. Walrus hides, cut in half and under one hundred and fifty pounds were uneconomical to handle; heavier hides could be split several times and the fine grain preserved. We could not agree however with some of the 'inventions' of the London group. We knew that their idea for a fox trap with a small light in it, and some heat to keep the bait thawed and odoriferous, was not likely to succeed. Another futile experiment was the boot-chewing machine.

In the North the traditional way to soften sealskins for sewing was to chew the skins. In any arctic village, especially in spring when the women were making boots for summer wear, young girls would be seen chewing boot soles as they went about their play. There was then

S. J. STEWART

Whale blubber was cut into chunks by the women, then rendered in the sun or boiled to yield oil.

R. EVANS

A boot-chewing machine was designed by the Company's development staff in London to save the teeth of the Eskimo women who softened the skins by chewing.

some concern over the state of the Eskimo women's teeth. In the older women the teeth were worn to the gums, but at that time there was no substitute for the chewing action and the plentiful supply of saliva which chewing induced.

In an attempt to save the women's teeth, the London staff developed a 'boot-chewing machine'. I saw the prototype of this machine at Port Burwell. It had a metal frame and operated much on the same principal as a clothes-wringer. The bottom, or main roller, was of hard rubber and had the handle attached to it. Geared to this roller and resting on top of it, was a brass cogwheel with quite sharp teeth. The sealskin was placed between these two rollers, which completely ruined the grain.

For two months at Senneterre, a 'line' post near the mining community of Val d'Or, Quebec, I gained experience buying beaver, marten, lynx, and squirrel skins and there I realized how much the fur trade had changed. One day an old Indian placed before me on the counter a few beaver castors, which I recognized, and two pieces of a white, waxlike, and wrinkled substance. This puzzled me until I was told that it was isinglass, an important trade item in earlier years. The semi-transparent substance, a form of gelatine, was taken from the viscera of certain fish, and was used mainly to make jellies and glue and for clarifying alcoholic beverages. I thought of what I had read about goose quills, feathers, and other 'country produce' being shipped regularly to London. This isinglass readily fitted the picture of what I had seen in the old Company warehouse at 1 Lime Street in London where men in burlap aprons handled everything that came in from Canada. These men were a contrast to the fur graders who followed their craft in the new Company premises at Garlick Hill, surrounded by blue-coloured walls and mistrusting every light but that from the clear northern sky.

But there was still a market for country produce and the London development staff was determined to satisfy it. Detailed instructions were prepared and distributed to arctic posts, including foldout designs of sealskin rugs to encourage home industries and the skills of Eskimo seamstresses. Metal templates were provided with which to cut out models of animals in seal or rabbit skin for the 'cuddly toy' market. Gasoline-powered, fat-rending machines were shipped in; these reduced fat to a milky pulp, thus doing away with the old 'sun-rendering' practice which usually resulted in darker, and thus low-grade, oil. Identification kits for minerals were supplied in case we might overlook some Eldorado. Careful instructions on the preparation of sealskins, requiring the immediate removal of all free oil which would otherwise oxidize and discolour the hair, did much to assure a better market in the future.

My next appointment as Section Manager of southern Baffin Island gave me valuable insight into the enormous possibilities of the country-produce trade. A much more even distribution of a people almost entirely dependent on the sea for many months of the year promised success.

Cape Dorset became the centre of the walrus-hide development, while Frobisher Bay produced the most marketable sealskins in hair. Lake Harbour contributed hides, sealskins, oil, and — using the London 'Common Minerals' guide — a ton of mica which the staff had ground up in the fat-rending machine. The mica had been discarded from the old mine near Lake Harbour, which had yielded 13 tons of excellent mica to the Scottish whalers in 1904. We also shipped out a ton of garnet crystals on an experimental basis.

In my travels by small boat along the entire coast from Cape Dorset to Frobisher Bay, I was amazed at the great colonies of eider ducks nesting on the fringe islands. It was scarcely possible to walk around without stepping on nests lined with down. I was considering the possibility of an eider-down collecting and cleaning industry when illness required me to spend some time in Winnipeg. Years later, eider-down was collected as a special project by the Company. When a sample of the shipment was shown to me, there wasn't the slightest doubt why it was unsaleable. The feather trade expects down to be clean, resilient, and free of foreign matter.

Whale oil was pumped into settling tanks before being stored in barrels.

Pangnirtung Post was busily harvesting the rich Cumberland Gulf waters. Migrating white whales were guided in large schools into the fiords and held there until the tide went out. There they were killed and processed, the meat laid aside for winter use, and the hides and oil shipped out.

As I recall, walrus ivory was bought by the Grenfell Institute for their craft training program. With the exception of a few cribbage boards which were usually given away to tourists, very little carving in ivory or stone was done by the Eskimos at that time.

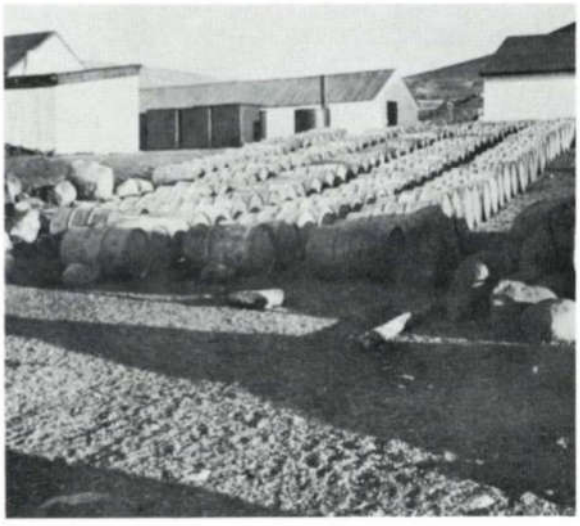
On my way north in 1932 to take over the Ungava Section with headquarters at Fort Chimo, I learned of a joint enterprise of the Hudson's Bay Company and a Newfoundland firm, long experienced in handling produce. The *Blue Peter*, a large, modern refrigeration ship, was anchored in Cartwright Harbour, collecting and fast-freezing the salmon catch of the hundreds of fisherman on the coast. She then departed directly for England with her cargo of fast-frozen, wrapped-in-cellophane, LABDOR and HUBAY salmon. Plans were underway for a similar operation at Fort Chimo and a plant was actually landed, but never erected. No doubt the fisheries authorities had objections to such a plant being built on an important salmon-spawning river.

In 1927 Fort Chimo had the appearance and atmosphere of an oldtime fur-trade post. Tipi-shaped woodpiles stood on the river bank and stunted trees filled the valleys and dotted the ridges. But Chimo had a definite connection with the sea through its tidal river. The annual run of Atlantic salmon gave some employment and much needed income to the people living there. There was a well equipped cooperage, blacksmith shop, large indoor wooden brine tanks for pickling the salmon, and hundreds of oak tierces for shipping them in. My arrival coincided with the last salmon shipment out; the price of oak tierces had become prohibitive and there was the possibility of opening a quick-freeze plant. Chimo's main country-produce industry ground to a halt and with it the much needed income from fishing, coopering, and net-making. However we did ship out a considerable stock of Indian-made moccasins and snowshoes.

In 1934 Governor Patrick Ashley Cooper of the Hudson's Bay Company visited some of the arctic posts on the *Nascopie* but this historic occasion was marred by the news that all was not well in the business world. The Company did not escape this recession; economy and retrenchment were the orders of the day. No longer would we have a direct transport link with England; the *Nascopie* would now be Canadian-based. To ship heavy and bulky produce by commercial carriers to the European market was out of the question. There was no known Canadian market, except for oil, which we continued to send out from the North. The *Nascopie* was then licensed to carry fifty passengers, which included an annual government party, so that much space had to be sacrificed.

All of these developments brought to an end the collection of country produce. The industry had helped to fill a gap in the Eskimo economy during a period of transition; it had preserved both traditional and acquired skills among the Eskimos for a great number of years. For those reasons alone it was well worthwhile. ◆

The scene at Pangnirtung as barrels of whale oil awaited shipment to England.



A CARNEGIE LIBRARY for DAWSON CITY

BY GREGORY TETRAULT

The author is a student of architecture at Carleton University, Ottawa.

DAWSON IN 1902 was a modern city. It had advanced beyond the adolescent stage of log cabins and canvas which many gold rush towns never left. It had running water, three hospitals, three churches, a Salvation Army barracks, six newspapers, electric lights, and a telephone and telegraph system. Its sewage system, innovative even by today's standards, was heated with steam to prevent freezing.

This metropolis of the north had been staked out by Joe Ladue, one of the first to hear of the gold strike in 1896. He correctly believed that a town that did business where the Klondike and Yukon rivers joined had an easier means of acquiring gold than digging in a frozen creek bed. A muskeg flat, one mile long, one-quarter mile wide and only ten feet above the Yukon River, was an odd place to build but it was close to the gold fields. Ladue named the town after George M. Dawson, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, who explored the region in 1887. By 1902 Joe Ladue was dead of tuberculosis and Dawson was developing.

The town had a future; its inhabitants said so. They believed it was equal to any city on the outside. At the peak of its activity in 1898 in fact, Dawson was the largest Canadian city west of Winnipeg; its fluctuating population reached an estimated 28,000.

To supply its library needs, Dawson had the Free Library supported by public subscription with a little help from City Council, and the Standard Library Restaurant & Hotel, which provided more than reading materials. In the *Daily Klondike Nugget*, the Standard Library advertised 'Books, Board, Beds, Bath and Bar'. It had over ten thousand volumes, served more than fifteen hundred meals per day and supplied beds for a hundred men. Books could be taken home for three cents a day or one dollar a month. But the growing importance and sophistication of the city and territory required a more formal library. Dawson's need coincided with Andrew Carnegie's plan to establish free libraries.

Andrew Carnegie had achieved much notoriety because of his philanthropy which extended far beyond the building of the libraries with which his name became synonymous. He was well known to Dawson City newspapers and, as a natural consequence, the First Library Board approached Carnegie for a donation.

Carnegie was born in Scotland in 1835 and moved as a boy to the United States with his parents. Here, with good business sense, he built up the Carnegie Steel Corporation until 1901 when he sold it to J.P. Morgan for $500,000,000. He considered the best kind of assistance was that which helped others help themselves. His libraries were a manifestation of this philosophy. Of the more than $330,000,000 Carnegie donated to various causes, more than $56,000,000 went to the establishment of 2,509 libraries in the English-speaking world. One hundred and twenty-five were built in Canada at a total cost of $3,556,660.

The value of a library in a town such as Dawson can not be underestimated. Everyone was from the 'outside' as the gold-seekers called the more southern areas of Canada and the United States. Many things were happening there, and news was at a premium. The winters were long and cold and for a few months there was almost continuous darkness. Reading material and newspapers at times had more value than gold. Months-old newspapers sold for outrageous sums and were read aloud in the streets. A library in Dawson was a necessity.

Mr A. Nicol, president of the Dawson Free Library, made the first appeal to Mr Carnegie in April 1902. He

The arrival of mail and reading material from 'outside' was a rare event that brought a crowd to the Dawson City Post Office.

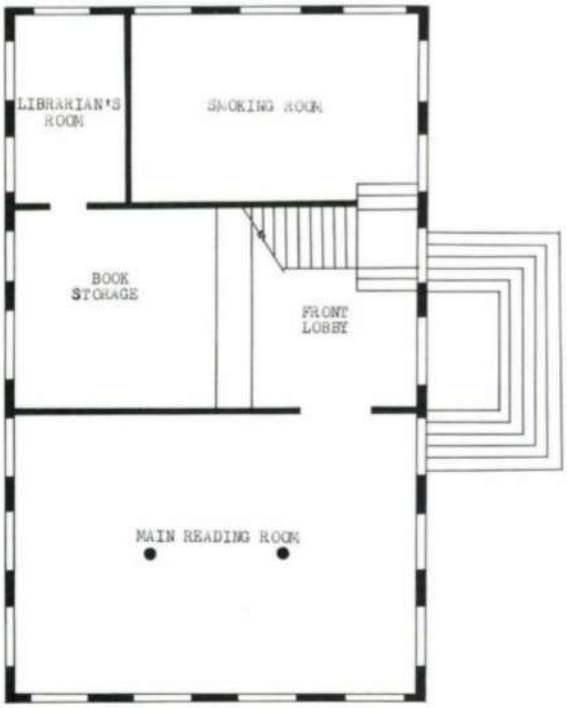
had a distinct advantage. His uncle was a friend of Andrew Carnegie and his neighbour with a country home adjoining Skibo Castle, Carnegie's estate in Scotland. Mr Carnegie's reply came through his private secretary, James Bertram. In his usual short manner Mr Bertram stated:

> Dear Sir: Yours of April 18 received. Mr Carnegie's will has been to give about $15,000 for a population such as yours, but as it is more expensive to build in the Yukon, Mr. Carnegie will give $25,000 to erect a free library building. If the council pledges maintenance of library at a cost of not less than $2500 a year and provides suitable site for the building.

As Mr Bertram stated, the city had to guarantee the upkeep of the library, calculated to be ten per cent of the gift – in this case $2,500. He further required that the building be fireproof. The sum provided would be paid in $5,000 instalments at various stages of construction.

The City Council voted to accept Mr Carnegie's gift on 1 January 1903. Their acceptance was conditional on the money required for maintenance being made available. The problem was that the city charter prevented a permanent arrangement such as this. City Clerk Smith, in any case, sent a letter of acceptance to Carnegie by the next mail. An offer of something for nothing in Dawson where everything cost a fortune was hard to refuse. Then again few cities refused Carnegie.

An interpretation of the first floor plan of the Carnegie Library, based on an article in the 'Yukon Sun' of 15 August 1905.



In March 1903, the Council decided that the lot for the new building be no less than 100 feet square. With this space, they reasoned, a landscape gardener could attempt to beautify the surroundings – a strange desire, for this mud flat was occasionally flooded out in the spring. More important, the City Council removed the block to total acceptance of the gift by passing a by-law, numbered 45, granting the Carnegie Library $2,500 annually for maintenance costs.

The offer by Mr Carnegie was not received congenially by everyone. In an editorial in the *Klondike Nugget*, on 12 August 1903, it was said that $25,000 was too great a sum for construction and $2,500 too little for upkeep. The editorial continued 'If half the amount which Mr Carnegie offers can be made available for the purpose of books and other necessities the library would be a veritable godsend.' Some people believed that Carnegie's gift was not as much a gift as was originally thought. (Carnegie himself considered his support of the Dawson City Library to be one of his better investments.) In another article he was, as usual, accused of building another monument to himself.

Bids for the lot were opened on the last day of March 1903. The Council decided that no lots would be considered north of King Street or south of Harper, as a central location was desired. The offer of the Ladue Company – a 100-foot square located on the south-west corner of Fourth Avenue and Queen Street – was accepted. The offer was originally for $3,100 but was reduced to $2,650 at the request of City Council. It was hoped that the Territorial Council would reimburse the town for the price of the lot.

Plans were invited from all the architects of the city. This competition would ensure a 'high class in the style of the building.' A wooden structure was required, as the brick available in Dawson at the time was of poor quality. The decision was fortunate for brick buildings had a tendency to crack. The entire town was located on permafrost, the surface of which was black mud in summer and frozen rock-hard soil in winter. The constant freezing and thawing did much damage, even though foundations went well below the level of summer thaw.

An example of this damage was the Stanley and Warden brick warehouse located on Second Avenue south of King Street. In April 1903 it was decided to tear down the building even though it was almost new. Large cracks had appeared and collapse seemed imminent. A wood frame building was to be erected in its place.

Three plans were submitted, all of two-storey buildings. G.C. Killam designed a stone building which was described in the *Yukon Sun* as an 'architectural dream'. W.J. Chance submitted a plan, as did Robert Montcrieff whose plan was favoured. Chance, Alderman La Lande, and the Mayor, who wanted to postpone the decision, protested this choice. Alderman Murphy wanted to

PAC

The Carnegie Library in Dawson as it was in July prior ot its opening in August 1904.

vote right away to ensure time to order and receive construction material before the winter cut off shipments from the outside. In a vote, five out of six aldermen chose Montcrieff's plan. The Library Board also accepted the design without change.

Montcrieff's plan showed a two-storey building completely clad in pressed metal inside and out.

On Thursday 27 August 1903, tenders for the construction of the library were opened. All were too high but the bid of Montcrieff, who was also a contractor, was accepted. His bid was $26,500 and he was asked to lower it to enable Carnegie's donation to cover the entire expense of construction. The final statement showed $625 paid to Montcrieff as winner of the competition, $625 paid to Montcrieff as building supervisor and, as it turned out, $23,157 for the building. The remainder of the money was to buy furnishings.

In 1897 Montcrieff arrived in Dawson from Winnipeg. He was responsible for the design of St Andrew's Church and the Bank of Commerce, both located in Dawson. The bank was clad with pressed metal as the Carnegie Library was to be.

Montcrieff reduced the cost by substituting fir for oak finish in some rooms, using a single instead of a double floor for the second storey, replacing plate glass with double-strength glass, including fewer shelves and desks and by using paint with a wax instead of a lead or oil base. He also saved money by digging the foundation five feet deep instead of ten.

Work commenced quickly. The trench for the foundation was burned and chopped down into the permanently frozen muskeg. In summer the thaw line was scarcely eighteen inches below the surface. Local lumber was used for the main frame of the building while finish lumber and the metal cladding was to be shipped in from outside. When the construction had proceeded as far as possible with the material in Dawson, work on the building, now four bare walls and a roof, stopped.

The finishing material had arrived in Whitehorse in the autumn of 1903, but it had been side-tracked to make room for perishable goods. Dawson was supplied almost totally from the outside. Food definitely had priority over library materials. Supplies for nine months (the time separating the last shipments on the Yukon River in the autumn and the first in the spring) had to be stored in the Dawson warehouses. One winter had been spent in near-starvation; another was not wanted.

The route taken by goods destined for Dawson usually began in San Francisco, Seattle, or Vancouver. Ships carried the cargo to Skagway where it was transferred to the White Pass & Yukon Railway. The 110-mile narrow-gauge track ended in Whitehorse where the goods again were carried by water. A 450-mile journey on the Yukon River finally led to Dawson. Another route was via St Michael at the mouth of the Yukon on the Bering Sea, and up the Yukon for 1,700 miles to Dawson.

As a result of the delay in receiving the shipment of materials Joe Segbens resigned as superintendent of construction. An article in the *Daily Morning Yukon Sun*, 23 February 1904, read: 'In this connection the resignation of Joe Segbens as superintendent of construction of the library was accepted, Joe desiring to engage in a more exciting occupation, the doctors having notified him that the attack of ennui he had acquired in that position being dangerous unless taken in hand in time.'

The materials, in five hundred and eight packages, finally arrived on the sternwheelers *Columbian* and *Victorian* on 26 June 1904. M.H. Jones of the Dawson Hardware Company had travelled to Whitehorse to expedite delivery.

Work commenced once again. The electrical wiring was installed, pressed metal cladding was nailed to the wooden shell, and finally the library was complete. With the addition of the ninety-foot flagpole of Yukon spruce, donated by the McCloskey brothers, the Carnegie Library was an imposing sight on opening day 16 August 1904.

The building had 'Carnegie Library' in gleaming gold letters across the entrance; flags of many nations flew and bunting was everywhere. Governor Congdon formally opened the building in the presence of the Yukon Council, the Library Board, City Council, and prominent citizens.

The new addition to Dawson's skyline was a rectangular two-storey building, thirty-five feet by fifty-eight feet. Both interior and exterior were covered with sheet-metal work, rendering the building fireproof to a great extent. The exterior had little ornamental work except that an appearance of stone work and plastered brick was obtained by a special pressing of the sheet metal and application of a buff tint. The sheet metal, usually in 24" by 24" sheets, was nailed to the wooden shell, overlapping to allow only one edge of each sheet to be exposed. Two Grecian pillars held up a balcony above the main entrance.

The use of natural light was a prominent feature of the building. All possible space on all sides was occupied by windows.

The front entrance on Queen Street had large double doors entering a roomy corridor. The main reading room, librarian's counter, book stacks, smoking and librarian's rooms were on the main floor. The stairs led from the front hall to the lecture room, woman's reading room, and the director's assembly room on the second floor.

The basement contained men's lavatories and the heating apparatus, a Holburn hot-air furnace. It had a secure foundation of metal, brick, and concrete – an important consideration, for an improperly supported furnace would melt its way into the permafrost and away from the building. This furnace had a design capacity of 70,000 cubic feet of air at an outside temperature of –35°. To help keep the heat in, sixteen wagonloads of sawdust costing $80 had been used for insulation.

The interior had much frieze and cornice work, with intricate designs pressed into the metal with which it was clad. A four-foot wainscoting on top of a twelve-inch oiled-wood base skirted the walls of the lower floor. All floors were stained, natural wood. In the main reading room two pillars nine inches in diameter supported the main reading table. Quite possibly the choice of interior colours, various shades of green and terracotta, was made by the Anderson Brothers, a team of interior decorators who arrived in Dawson in 1897.

Mr Sparling, the librarian, was in charge of more than six thousand volumes, fifty-four hundred of which were borrowed from the Free Library. In addition thirty-two magazines were subscribed to regularly. Among the books offered at the library were: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Potato Patch, The Tar Heel Baron, Diary of a Goose Girl*, and Jack London's *Daughter of the Snows*.

The Dawson City Council wanted an impressive building and Montcrieff's design gave them this, while considering the particular building problems of the city. Dawson was plagued with fires and the new library was fireproof to some degree. A masonry building, although probably more impressive, would not have endured long due to the seasonal heaving of the permafrost. The pressed metal panels gave the appearance of masonry but did not have its excessive weight. The fact that the Carnegie Library and the Bank of Commerce (built three years previously by Montcrieff) are still standing and in good condition attest to the particular suitability of this building material in this situation.

Unfortunately the building of this library resulted in the closing of another. The Standard Library Restaurant & Hotel closed its doors and put its contents up for auction on 17 February 1904.

On 16 December 1920 a fire damaged the main floor and contents of the Carnegie Library. Andy Hart, the caretaker, was injured and died shortly afterwards.

It was financially impossible for Dawson to repair and continue the upkeep of the library. Its population in 1920 was less than 1,000 people. Dawson had been dying since 1899 when the Gold Rush ended. Eventually the building was sold, for $400, to the Masons for use as a lodge. The books were transferred and library service was continued from rooms in the public school. ◆

The Métis and Canadien Councillors of Assiniboia

BY LIONEL DORGE

The Council of Assiniboia was the governing body in the Red River settlement from 1835 until the government of Canada assumed jurisdiction over Rupert's Land in 1870. In Parts I & II, Mr Dorge wrote of the naming of the first Métis and Canadien councillors. In this final part of the series, commissioned for Winnipeg's Centennial Year, Mr Dorge describes the declining participation of the French-speaking members up to the events of the winter of 1869-70.

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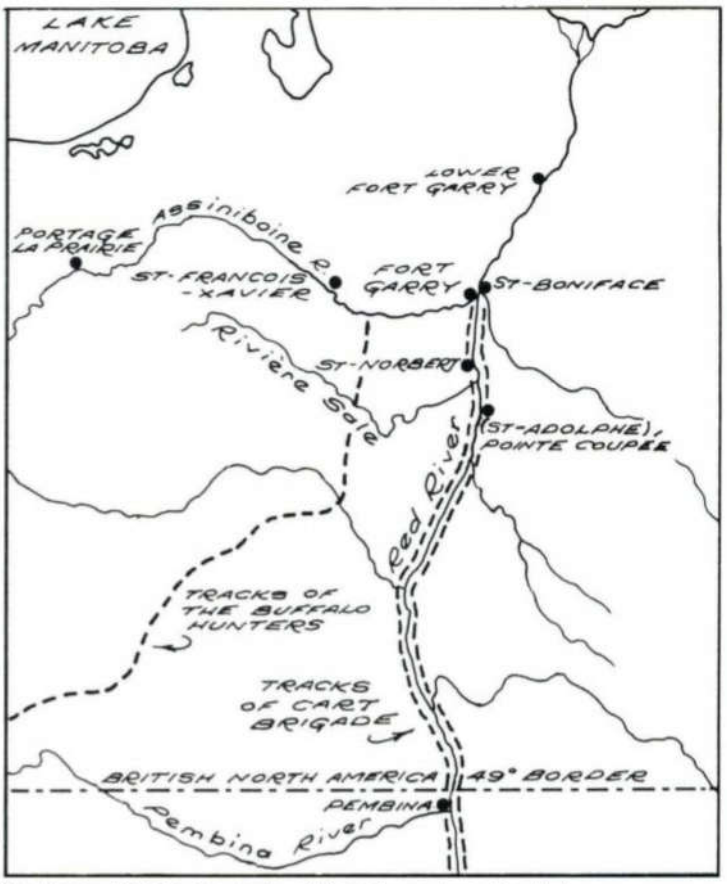


The Lower District lay north of Fort Garry along the Red River and the Upper District lay to the south. The Middle District extended west along the Assiniboine and had its administrative centre at St-Francois-Xavier.

Part III

THE DECLINE

SINCE THE REORGANIZATION of the Council of Assiniboia in 1835, the Hudson's Bay Company had grown more sensitive to the desire of the settlement's inhabitants to participate in public affairs. Between 1835 and 1862, ten Métis and Canadien councillors had been appointed; only four of these, however, had been free of Company ties and three of these had been clerics.

The French-speaking councillors generally originated from the more mixed population of the White Horse Plain District rather than from the more agricultural and homogeneous population of the Upper Settlement. The two groups did not always see eye to eye and the former was to accept and adapt more quickly to the forthcoming changes in government. A witness, writing in French, said that the people of St-Charles were 'dazzled by the honour of seeing the new Governor [Lieutenant-Governor designate McDougall] about to take up residence in their locality, at Mr Rowand's who has rented his house for the purpose, and disarmed by the attitude of their oracle Mr. [James] McKay who has allowed the newcomers to sweeten him up and guides them himself in their surveys at the Ilets-de-Bois also supplying them with employees, [and they] do not appear to share the general enthusiasm in opposing the new government.'

The Red River party played the more important role in the uprising of 1869-70, in opposition to Canada's unconditional take-over of the Colony of Assiniboia, but not necessarily because it had gone largely unrecognized by the Company when new councillors had been appointed.

Another element in the Colony, the Canadians who were settling in the Red River area in growing numbers, felt much more strongly the neglect of the Company when it chose councillors from among the old inhabitants only. The Canadian Party expressed its discontent through The Nor'Wester, a weekly newspaper established in 1859. Councillor Taché in 1862 wrote:

'The Editors of our little paper, finding the country too dull, sought excitement, a change no matter what. The existing arrangements did not satisfy their ambitions and their vicious attacks against the Company's system of government sought a change that they demanded at any cost. Fortunately our Catholics joined with the forces of order to maintain the status quo which suits our needs better than any other form of government.'

This agitation for change, in so far as the minutes of Council show, appears to have had no effect on the deliberations of the councillors during the years 1862 to

1869. More or less routine matters dominated the sessions of Council.

During 1862 Bishop Taché, François Bruneau and Henry Fisher initiated or supported motions on public works, public accounts, the designation of the day 'for beginning to cut Hay in the Settlement', and on the introduction of a law imposing a duty of five shillings per gallon on all wines and spirits (except those for church services) which entered or passed through Assiniboia.

A new element entered into the deliberations of Council at a meeting on 30 October 1862. In 1861 a company of Royal Canadian Rifles (called in to assist in maintaining law and order in 1857) were withdrawn. This, combined with the arrival of the Sioux Indians from south of the border, led the Council to express concern for the safety of the inhabitants. Councillor Taché proposed a motion stating that 'in the opinion of the Council – the Settlement, in its present defenceless condition, is exposed to imminent danger from the Indian tribes.' The motion, seconded by Bruneau, carried unanimously and it was recommended that the Home Government [Great Britain] be approached with a petition signed by the inhabitants to render military assistance.

At its session on 28 April 1863, the concern of Council again focussed upon the settlement's safety. G.O. Corbett, an outspoken critic of the Hudson's Bay Company, had been sentenced to six month's imprisonment 'for attempting abortion on the person of a young domestic in his service'. Several inhabitants, believing that he had been made to suffer for his views rather than his acts, marched on the jail and freed him. Although a large group had volunteered to assist in the recapture of Corbett, he remained at large. The magistrates of the colony, including Bruneau, expressed their views on the situation in a letter to Alexander Dallas, Governor of Rupert's Land, concluding: 'it has become too evident that Military protection is as much required to keep down internal tumult, as to guard against Indian disturbances.'

Although these problems were thoroughly discussed in late 1863 and early 1864, the Council could not or would not propose a lasting solution. At a meeting on 6 March 1866, however, a letter from a United States military officer was tabled. The officer, according to the letter, offered complete amnesty to the Sioux Indians who would surrender themselves at Fort Abercrombie; he asked that the people of Red River exert their influence upon the Indians to implement the proposal. In a resolution seconded by Taché, and unanimously carried, Council agreed to the terms of the letter and voted, as it had in December 1863, to supply provisions and assistance to the Sioux for their journey to Fort Abercrombie.

Events in late June of that year forced the Council to consider more drastic measures. On 21 June a band of Sioux Indians had made one of their numerous peaceful visits to the settlement. On their departure another band of Indians had attacked them about one mile from Fort Garry and had killed four braves. The councillors feared that the settlement would be held responsible. Council agreed 'to collect from among the settlers a body of from fifty to one hundred mounted men' to go out to meet the Sioux should they decide to seek revenge on the colony.

No immediate action, either by the Sioux or Council, seems to have taken place, for at the meeting on 7 March 1867 the councillors returned to the plan of establishing a small force 'for protecting the Settlement from Indian disturbances, such as unhappily occured last Summer.' They need not make an immediate final decision, the councillors were told, but should study, without haste, a matter that all agreed was of great importance. If the matter was of such importance, why deal with it without haste? The minutes do not comment on the reason for delaying a decision. Was it that a local force, however small, would draw on all elements of the population and that perhaps such a force, once established, might turn against other than the Indians?

William Mactavish, Governor of Assiniboia, writing in August 1866, perhaps gave the key to the councillors'

A group of Métis camped on the prairie with their Red River carts.

hesitation and their final decision to do without a force. He stated: 'The funds to meet the expense would be the greatest difficulty, and if they are to be raised in the Settlement, a change of government here would be required. It would be a not very agreeable experiment, I suspect, but representation in some way would require to be given to the people before they would agree to increased taxation.'

The Council's inability to cope with the need of a military force influenced its decision on another important matter involving the French-speaking councillors. At its session on 4 May 1864, a petition from the people of Portage la Prairie asking to be annexed to Assiniboia was discussed. Council, in a motion seconded by Taché, expressed the opinion that it was not opportune to extend the existing boundaries of the colony until such time as 'an adequate amount of material strength, in the form of Military protection, [be] afforded to existing authorities.' A second petition from the Portage la Prairie group in March of 1867 received consideration, but met with similar results. Council decided 'to defer any final decisions on the subject to some subsequent meeting.' Although the request was discussed again at a meeting on 12 April, no action was taken.

Although the annexation of Portage la Prairie and the safety of the colony received due consideration during the years, the activity of the Council of Assiniboia tended to become more and more a housekeeping role. After its initial concern in October 1862 regarding military protection, the Council's subsequent meeting on 25 November 1862 was taken up with the dismissal of James Ross from his public duties. Because of his opposition to the government of the Colony, Council moved, and Taché seconded the motion, to remove him from his offices of Sheriff, Postmaster, and Governor of the Gaol. He had been attacking the Council in the columns of *The Nor'Wester* and stirring up opposition to the Council's authority. Such conduct, in the eyes of the councillors, seemed incompatible with the positions he held and were unworthy of a public servant. The motion carried unanimously. François Bruneau then moved, seconded by Taché, the nomination of Henry McKenney as Sheriff and Governor of the Gaol and the appointment of A.G.B. Bannatyne as Postmaster.

The role of the French-speaking councillors in these nominations is an interesting one. It might have been expected that the councillors would nominate members of their own group to the vacant posts. During the past two or three years the Council had taken on the complexion of a placement bureau for the Métis councillors and their friends and family. Prudence may have dictated their attitude in the present instance, although a more plausible explanation is that these posts had usually been held by English-speaking inhabitants, and that tradition played an important part in the life of the settlement.

The pattern of appointments continued during

Paul Boucher dit Lamalice whose widow complained to Council in 1869 because the landing to the public ferry opposite Fort Garry encroached on her land. She was awarded compensation.

sessions in 1863, with the exception of the appointment of an English-speaking magistrate in the White Horse Plain District who had been nominated by François Bruneau. Patrice Breland, son of Councillor Pascal Breland, was appointed road superintendant for the White Horse Plain District and François Bruneau was named to the equivalent position for the Upper District. The French-speaking councillors took an active part in the formation and operation of various committees. Bruneau sat on a Committee of five to study the difficulties encountered by Roger Goulet, Collector of Customs, in collecting duties on imported wines and spirits; and on a Committee proposed by Maximilien Genthon, to mark out clearly the main road of the settlement in order to avoid future disputes and litigation regarding its boundaries.

During the final six years of the life of the Council there were two cases dealing with roads and boundaries, both of which involved women. On 15 June 1866 Sister Superior Clapin of the Grey Nuns requested authorization to close the road between the Cathedral (built by Taché between 1861 and 1863) and the Convent (the Musée de St-Boniface of today) and proposed a new road to the north. The request was accepted by Council on the condition that the old road not be closed before the new one was open for public use. The second case, in May 1869, involved a complaint from Madame Paul Boucher dit Lamalice claiming that she was being deprived 'of the use of a great portion of her land by the gradual incursion of the Public Road and the Public Ferry landing opposite to Fort Garry'. Roger Goulet,

who presented her complaint, claimed compensation for Madame Boucher. Council judged the complaint well founded, but asked councillors Goulet, Dease, and Hamelin to investigate further. This Committee supported Madame Boucher's claim and approved a payment of twenty pounds as compensation.

During its meetings of 4 and 9 May 1864 the Council of Assiniboia adopted a report presented by the Committee of Roads and Ferry (of which Bruneau was a member), fixed the day to begin hay cutting, and granted sums for public works. However, the regulation of liquor was the major topic of concern. Residents of St-Boniface presented a petition asking that the parish be limited to one licensed outlet for the sale of alcoholic beverages, and that the sole outlet be the establishment owned by Jean Mager. The petitioners also requested that public houses be closed on the days of arrival and departure of the voyageurs which were 'generally occasions of considerable disorder, whereby the neighbours are subjected to much discord, annoyance, and sometimes the owners of goods, to considerable damage and loss.'

Council simply referred the petition to the licensing magistrates and instructed them to use their own discretion.

The Council took more positive action on a second matter concerning distilleries. Taché presented a proposal rendering distillers ineligible to hold a licence for the retail sale of their product, but his motion was superseded by that of François Bruneau. Bruneau proposed that a tax of £15 be levied on distilleries, 'which tax shall include a Retail Licence'.

Questions concerning the control of liquor were a continuing problem for the Council of Assiniboia. The enforcement of the law imposing duty on wines and spirits fell upon Roger Goulet, Collector of Customs, but this proved to be a difficult task. Indeed in May of 1865 Council was asked to deliberate upon a charge of dereliction of duty against Goulet. However 'the Council in a careful consideration of the subject came to the conclusion that the charge could not be fairly entertained.' By the spring of 1867 the councillors met to consider the easy access by the Indians to liquor and why the duty imposed on all liquor, even if it were only passing through Assiniboia, had failed to check the traffic sufficiently. Council concluded that it 'could not but perceive very considerable difficulty in the application of any effectual remedy; and it was therefore determined to postpone the further consideration of the whole subject to some further meeting.' The postponement was a permanent one. Matters dealing with liquor during the remaining years of the Council were limited. Two motions were proposed by Taché – the first to refuse a request made by a distiller whose licence had been suspended, for compensation in the form of a subsidy, and the second to designate Christmas Day and Good Friday (in addition to Sundays) 'as days on which it shall be unlawful to sell Spirits, Wine or Beer.' Although the latter motion was introduced at a meeting on the 7 November 1868, when much time was devoted to revising the licensing system for the sale of liquor, it did not gain unanimity. When it was re-submitted on 17 December it did pass, but with the stipulation that it be applied only in the case of licences granted in the future.

At the meeting of 18 July 1865, (although called to fix the day for start of hay cutting) Council expressed its 'sorrow at the death of one who had so recently been taken from amongst them – the lamented Mr. Bruneau.' He had died at the end of June and his wife died a few hours later; both had been claimed by the cholera epidemic that had ravaged the colony in the spring of 1865. Bruneau had been an active councillor; he had also been the French-speaking member (a Métis) who had received the most in salaries from the public purse. Nevertheless, Council asked Taché to enquire into the circumstances of the Bruneau children and expressed the desire, if necessary, to provide the family with assistance. At the next meeting Taché reported that it was too early to draw a conclusion and recommended 'to defer any action on the part of the Council in the way of assistance.' According to the minutes of Council no further action was ever taken.

The cholera epidemic in 1865 coincided with another problem facing the entire Colony – a series of bad crops. At its meeting of 21 March 1865, Council divided the settlement into three districts 'to ensure as fair and equal a distribution [of seed grain] as possible among the different sections'. Each district was allocated 267 bushels. Responsibility for its distribution fell to Maximilien Genthon, François Bruneau, Pascal Breland, and four others. Although the problem was temporarily solved, it emerged again in 1868. On 6 August 1868 the councillors turned their attention to 'the apprehended scarcity of food in the Settlement next winter owing to the destruction of the Crops by the grasshoppers and the failure of the buffalo hunt'. Four days later Council proposed the appropriation of £1600 to buy seed wheat, flour, twine, hooks, and ammunition. The first two items were to be distributed by the Red River Co-operative Relief Committee after a census of the population and its resources had been completed; the other items were to be distributed at once. Councillor Taché was asked to see to the needs of his flock and was provided immediately with £250. In addition to sums contributed by the Hudson's Bay Company, relief came from Great Britain, Canada, and the United States.

A further step to alleviate the hardships was taken on 17 December by James McKay, who had become a councillor earlier that year. McKay moved, after reading a letter from an inhabitant of the colony, a resolution to distribute to the needy that amount of money remaining in the fund for nets and ammunition. The motion, carried unanimously, was aimed at assisting people who neither went fishing nor hunting and who were also in immediate need.

Charles Garratt operated a distillery in St-Charles during the 1860s when the control of liquor was a major concern of the Council. Here, viewed from the northwest corner of Portage and Main in 1872, was his hostelry, Garratt House.

At its final meeting of the year, 29 December, no action was taken to aid the inhabitants and Council did not meet again for five months. The misery of the Colony continued unabated; if anything, it took on greater proportions with the coming of spring. A report sent from Red River to the *Courrier de Saint-Hyacinthe* painted the gloomy scene: 'The flu has been spreading over the Colony since the beginning of March. Nearly every household has its share of sick people. Violent winds blow continuously, and the cold is steady at between twenty-five and thirty degrees centigrade .... Misery is widespread and it is feared there will be a shortage of seed grain. Five thousand bushels are needed for the Catholic population alone; barely three thousand is likely to be available for the whole Colony.'

On matters of major importance, the Council seemed unable to act strongly. Its activity tended to become more and more a housekeeping function and it would be easy to agree that between 1862 and 1868 the Red River Settlement suffered from a want of government. Throughout that period fewer and fewer resolutions passed through Council; the councillors appeared unable to legislate and powerless to implement clear-cut legislation.

Governor William Mactavish, writing to the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company in London on 22 August 1866, perhaps supplied an explanation for the apparent hesitation of the councillors to treat more serious questions. 'At present any act of the government is suspected to be taken in the interest of the Company, and agitation has been so long carried on here that nothing will disabuse the minds of the people on this point. This is so well-known that interested parties invariably attribute the operation of the law which presses on them to the Company, trusting to the ignorance and prejudice of the people here to prevent the detection of falsehood.'

In early 1866 two instances serve to illustrate Council's inability to cope with the needs of the colony. A petition from Pointe Coupée (St-Adolphe) bearing 27 names stated that the inhabitants had built a school house for some sixty students 'but had not the means of paying a School-Master'. The petitioners were granted £10 to be paid directly to the teacher, 'on the understanding that it would not be continued, being given for the present year only, and that it was not to be drawn into a precedent.' The councillors added that (although state education for all had not yet become the rule) they believed in the 'unquestionable importance of education to the children of all classes in the community', but that the funds at their disposal did not allow assistance to ensure education for all.

Its inability to arrive at a consensus on another petition at a meeting on 28 March illustrated more clearly the position of Council when faced with its responsibility, even in an area where precedents could be cited. The inhabitants of the 'Town of Winnipeg' asked for the appointment of two constables, one for duty during the day and the other for night duty, 'owing to their locality having become a centre of business and a

place where liquor was sold.' In spite of the obvious need for peace officers Council proved unable to reach immediate unanimity.

At its subsequent meeting in June, however, Council wasted little time in approving a proposal by Taché to remove a bridge at his own expense, in allocating £100 for public works, and in raising unanimously the salary of Antoine Grouette the jailer to £40 per annum – 'such sum, moreover, to be in full of salary and all allowances of every kind.'

At the meeting of 29 November 1866 there were two appointments which affected the French-speaking element. Norbert Larance, a Métis, was appointed magistrate of the Middle District, and William Robert Smith, Clerk of the Council, was appointed president for the Petty Court of the White Horse Plain District. Smith was highly qualified to fill the post, but was not a Métis; the appointment indicated that the Métis were losing ground. It is possible to use the White Horse Plain District as an indicator by which the intensity of shifting forces in the colony may be gauged. Ten years earlier it would have been difficult to imagine anyone but a Métis being appointed to the presidency of the White Horse Plain District; yet in the winter of 1869-70 it was from this district that much of the Métis opposition to the Métis movement aimed at establishing a new and more representative local governing authority would come.

By early 1867 Governor Mactavish was pointing out that all was far from well. He considered a change of government imperative; concessions could no longer induce active support of Council's authority. The Council itself seemed unable to look beyond its own membership and allies when making new appointments and missed the opportunity to inject new blood into its administration and placate, if only momentarily, the impatient rumblings from those standing in the wings, awaiting a cue to step forward.

Mrs William Dease, wife of Councillor William Dease and daughter of Maximilien Genthon.

Council was presented with a petition on 7 March 1867 asking that a vacancy on Council be filled, and suggesting John Schultz who, even then, could not have been popular among the Métis and Canadiens. The opinion of the French-speaking councillors is not recorded, but Council, as a whole, easily dodged the issue, in observing that 'the petitioners had proceeded under the erroneous impression that Council had power of appointing its own Members.' Only the Company, through its Governor and Committee in London, possessed that authority.

Between its first meeting in 1866 on 4 January and its last meeting on 30 October 1869 four French-speaking councillors were appointed: Roger Goulet on 4 January 1866; James McKay and William Dease on 23 January 1868; and Magnus Burston, 6 August 1868. According to the census of November 1868 each of these men were heads of large households, were successful in agricultural endeavours and owned a significant number of horses, cattle, and oxen.

If the appointment of Roger Goulet had been aimed at restoring confidence in the government of Assiniboia, it did not have the desired effect. Yet Goulet stood for all that was best in the colony. He was the grandson of a Métisse and a Canadien (whose ancestors had come from Lorraine in 1645) and the son of a hunter and Josephte Severet (daughter of Chief Factor John Siveright of Edinburgh). Bishop Provencher, as his godfather, had overseen his education at the Collège de St-Boniface – a training which stood warranty to Goulet's word and honesty. Finally his service to the public as Surveyor since 1856 and as Collector of Customs since 1861 gave promise of someone in Council whose contacts with the people had been, and were likely to be, frequent and on a familiar basis.

James McKay, the grandson of Charles Gladu, was born in the Saskatchewan River region, but spent most of his life in the White Horse Plain District and belonged to the Roman Catholic parish of St-Charles. He was married to Marguerite (Peggy) Rowand, granddaughter of Julie Desmarais and John Rowand. McKay was a great friend of Bishop Taché; and according to Manitoba's Lieutenant-Governor Adams Archibald, was, in 1871, 'a man of large means, being considered one of the wealthiest in the Settlement . . . a man of much moderation of character, and last winter [during the Métis uprising] kept aloof from the troubles and eventually left the country for some time to be out of the way'.

William Dease, son of Chief Trader John Warren Dease and Geneviève Beignet was born in British Columbia in 1827 and moved to the Red River Settlement

The name of James McKay was frequently spelled 'Macaille' in the documents of the period because of the French pronounciation it had acquired. He was 'a man of large means . . . one of the wealthiest in the settlement.' His wife was the former Marguerite Rowand.

three years later. Since 1852 he had served Council in several capacities, and in 1868 was an important farmer with property on the west side of the Red River near present-day St-Adolphe.

The appointments of Dease and McKay can be seen as palliatives. Three days prior to these appointments Governor Mactavish advised the Committee: ' . . . unless the Company's Government is to be entirely supported by force I do not think it now can maintain order, and I would therefore strongly urge the absolute necessity in the interest of all parties, that the authorities here should derive their power from some source independent of the Company and that no Company officer should be mixed up with the Government.' Had the Company heeded this advice and allowed the election rather than the appointment of new councillors, the next few years may have been quite different. Under the prevailing system those not nominated to Council had no recourse but to criticize the selections as arbitrary. Elections probably would not have favoured these men (it is difficult to imagine John Schultz defeating James McKay in 1868) but they may have served to silence somewhat their opposition.

Almost immediately after the swearing in of Dease and McKay the councillors deliberated on a serious matter. A week earlier, the Sheriff had gone to the home of one John Schultz, to collect a debt which the General Quarterly Court had ordered Schultz to pay. Schultz, defying the order and the authority of the Court, assaulted the Sheriff who, in consequence, brought him before the Justice of Peace, Councillor Roger Goulet. The defendant was committed for trial, but during the night a dozen men broke into the jail and set Schultz free. James McKay moved, and Council carried unanimously, a resolution to put into effect the sentence of the General Quarterly Court.

At the meeting of 6 August the last of the ten Métis councillors to be appointed, Magnus Burston of St-François-Xavier, took the oath of office. Burston was the only Métis or Canadien councillor to be delegated to the convention that, the following winter, drew up a bill of rights to present to the Canadian government the conditions of Assiniboia's entry into Confederation.

At the Council meetings during 1869 French-speaking councillors did not have a good attendance record. Councillors Taché, Salomon Hamelin, and Roger Goulet attended their last session on 17 May 1869. Only William Dease attended the remaining three meetings, but he was not at the last meeting on 30 October – the only one since 13 June 1836 at which the French-speaking element was without a spokesman. As a group the Métis councillors appeared to have lost interest in seeing the Council regain prestige. Withdrawal and neutrality seemed to them the best policy to follow.

Although an incident occurred on 5 July 1869 that should have caused Council some alarm, no meeting was held during the summer months. This event was described in a letter to Taché: 'A few newly-arrived English-speaking settlers, who had started an establishment at Pointe Coupée [St-Adolphe] where they had already cut

and gathered timber for construction as well as dig a well, were ordered by the people of Rivière Sale (St-Norbert) to settle elsewhere. They scattered the timber and filled up the well. We did not make the law, said the people of St. Norbert, which gives us the Upper section of the [Red] River, it was the English-speaking who made it so by obliging those of French speech to abandon the Lower part; that law we merely follow it.' Governor William Mactavish alluded to the same incident in a letter dated 24 July and then speculated on possible future events: 'It is also said that a party among them [Métis] mean formally to claim the amount (£300.000) from the Canadian Government which it was proposed should be paid to the Company for the cession of the Company's rights, in addition to this they are to seize the Government of the Country. A meeting is called on Thursday next, 29 instant, when it is said the above points are to be considered.'

Mactavish's information proved to be accurate. Surprisingly the president of the public meeting held to win the support of the Métis in seizing the Company's property, usurping its government and demanding money for the original owners, the Indians and Métis, was none other than Councillor William Dease. Joseph Genthon, son of Councillor Maximilien Genthon was also involved, as was Councillor Pascal Breland, though the latter claimed his name had been used without his consent. Apparently the meeting hoped to divert the opposition of the Métis against Canada and channel it into resentment for the Company.

On 19 October 1869 Council drew up an address of welcome to Lieutenant-Governor designate William McDougall. Of the Métis and Canadien councillors only William Dease was in attendance and he was their only representative at the next meeting of 25 October at which President John Bruce and Secretary Louis Riel of the Métis National Committee appeared. Before introducing them into the Council chamber, Council 'unanimously expressed their reprobation' of a certain group's opposition to the arrival of McDougall and hoped the movement could be stopped immediately. The two spokesmen soon put an end to such hopes. They explained that they were satisfied with the present government of the Hudson's Bay Company and would accept no other, nor would they accept a Governor not appointed by the Company 'unless Delegates were previously sent with whom they might negotiate as to the terms and conditions under which they would acknowledge him.' The discussion ended upon a definite statement that the Métis 'were determined to prevent Mr. MacDougall (sic) from coming into this Settlement.'

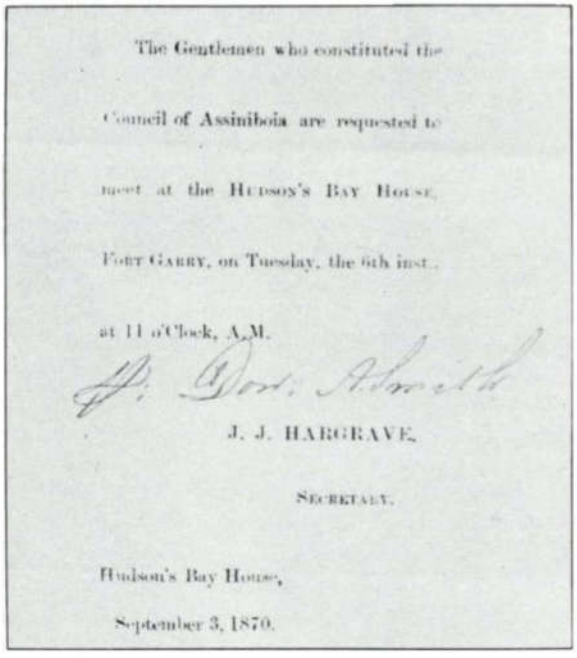
Council, having failed to convince Bruce and Riel of the error of their ways, appointed Councillors William Dease and Roger Goulet 'to collect immediately as many of the more respectable of the French [-speaking] community as they could and with them proceed to the camp of the party who intend to intercept Gov. MacDougall and endeavour if possible to procure their peaceable dispersion'.

This plan had little chance of success. Dease had no following among the Métis and was not likely to be effective; Goulet preferred to remain aloof from any involvement in the change of government. Dease alone attempted to fulfil Council's mission, but 'not only had that and every other effort of a conciliatory character proved fruitless in procuring the peaceable dispersion of the assembly of malcontents, but they appeared to be even more fully bent upon their purpose.'

The Council of Assiniboia had existed for thirty-five years. The growing complexity of governing the settlement, the regrettable instability of its power to govern, and its reluctance to call upon new forces in the Colony for assistance sapped the Council's strength. By 1867 it was ineffective and virtually moribund. It had nevertheless supplied the first opportunity for the Métis, assisted by the Canadiens, to participate in government. Of the fourteen Métis or Canadiens appointed to the Council of Assiniboia between 1835 and 1870, three stand out – the abbé Louis François Laflèche, François Bruneau and Bishop Alexandre Taché. They were men of vision, if not statesmen; practical men, if not politicians. After 1870, several of the councillors were active in municipal or provincial affairs; for them the Council of Assiniboia had been an excellent training school. ◆

The Council of Assiniboia was invited to prepare a welcome address for the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Adams Archibald.

This invitation, addressed to Henry Fisher, survives in the Archives de l'Archevêché de St-Boniface and is published with permission of his Grace Archbishop Antonie Hacault.



The Gentlemen who constituted the

Council of Assiniboia are requested to

meet at the Hudson's Bay House,

Fort Garry, on Tuesday, the 6th inst.,

at 11 o'Clock, A.M.

J. J. HARGRAVE,

Secretary.

Hudson's Bay House,

September 3, 1870.

NORTHERN BOOKS

JOHN McLOUGHLIN'S BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE 1847 – 48

Ed. W.R. Sampson. University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1973. 179 pages, illus. $12.50

Reviewed by E. E. Rich

John McLoughlin played so large a part in the settlement of Oregon, his physical and mental stature was so imposing, and he followed his convictions with such undeviating persistence that everything which he did, said, or wrote has an interest and an importance. His business correspondence for 1847–48 is contained in a manuscript volume which came into the possession of the U.S. National Park Service in 1962, and Professor Sampson (formerly Park Historian at Fort Vancouver National Historic Site) has edited the letters with meticulous care, and has made them available to historians.

There is nothing here which breaks fresh ground or which reveals aspects of McLoughlin's character or career which were unknown before. In view of the attention which McLoughlin has received, especially from Burt Brown Barker and from W. Kaye Lamb, it was inherently unlikely that documentation of one set of interests in one year of a career such as McLoughlin's would do more than add corroborative detail, and this is candidly acknowledged. To quote from the Introduction: 'Though the letters afford no basis for re-examining the economic history of Oregon for the period, they do provide a tantalizing glimpse into the trading activities of an early "merchant adventurer". Documented with scrupulous care, the Father of Oregon can be followed as he pursues the career which he took up after his resignation from the Hudson's Bay Company; buying country produce and shipping it out, either to California or to Hawaii and importing supplies for the growing population of settlers. He frequently bought from the Company, and it is interesting to note that he negotiated prices and quantities direct with Chief Factors Ogden and Douglas, and that the Puget Sound Agricultural Company does not enter the correspondence at all. The lumber in which he dealt was largely, but not entirely, the produce of his own mill, while supplies for his retail store in Oregon City were bought either from the Hudson's Bay Company or from Hawaii.

In all of these operations, as in his management of the shipping involved, McLoughlin had behind him his very considerable experience and knowledge both of conditions and of the persons involved, a substantial capital and command of credit which enabled him to enlarge his mills, speculate in commodities, supply his lumber, and even to buy a partnership in a shipping firm (ostensibly for his son David). His relationships with his agent in Hawaii, George Pelly who also acted for the Hudson's Bay Company, with William Leidersdorff at San Francisco, with the Hudson's Bay Chief Factors and with his own son David, were closely personal but yet businesslike. Despite occasional grammatical and other defects in his style of writing, it is clear that McLoughlin was a shrewd and careful man of business.

The Introduction, largely biographical, is like the rest of the book – thorough, methodical, scholarly; but not original. It is a useful compilation from previous publications; and it strangely omits any mention of the very revealing quarrel with the Rev. Herbert Beaver. This is the more remarkable since Beaver is given full and fair treatment in the Biographical Appendix. But the Biographical Appendix will probably prove to be the most valuable part of the book, with notes on thirty persons, not all of them at all well-known.

Dr Rich, recently retired Master of St Catherine's College, Cambridge, was general editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society for 21 years and is author of, among other books on the fur trade, 'The History of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1670-1870'.

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ACROSS THE MEDICINE LINE

By C. Frank Turner. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1973. 270 pages, illus. $8.95

Reviewed by Hugh A. Dempsey

This book is appropriately subtitled *The Epic Confrontation Between Sitting Bull and the North-West Mounted Police.* It deals with a colourful and fascinating period of western Canadian history, one that has all the ingredients of a first-rate drama. A famous war chief fresh from victory on the Little Big Horn, an unorthodox officer of the Mounted Police, and bureaucracies in Ottawa and Washington, far from the scene of action yet always manipulating the players – who could ask for more?

It took a Mounted Police centennial to bring the story to the public, not once, but three times. In a matter of months, McClelland & Stewart published Turner's book, Hurtig produced Grant MacEwan's *Sitting Bull*, and Sharon Pollock wrote the stage play *Walsh*, which has since been published by Talonbooks of Vancouver.

Turner has done a workmanlike job in dealing with Sitting Bull's years of refuge in Canada. He accurately portrays James Morrow Walsh, showing his eccentricities, his love for publicity, and his real concern about the future of Sitting Bull and his followers. It was Walsh's human approach to a problem which Ottawa considered to be purely political that finally got him into trouble. Ottawa's solution to the Sioux problem was to starve the refugees and force them into returning to the United States. But to succeed, they had to bring the outspoken Walsh back to Ontario and keep him there until the whole matter was resolved.

As long as there were buffalo within reach of the Sioux at Wood Mountain, Sitting Bull would never return. With the destruction of the great herds in 1880-81, the only means for Sioux independence was gone. Finally, with just a few followers left, the old chief surrendered to the Americans and was dispatched to his reservation, only to be killed in the Ghost Dance uprising nine years later.

This reviewer has only one complaint to make about Turner's book,

and it is a minor one. Years ago, as a newspaper reporter, I learned that there was a standing joke about sports writers never wanting to use the same noun twice in a news story. This adage came to mind as Turner tried to find different names for the Sioux chief – shifting from Sitting Bull, to Mr Bull, to Ol' Sit, down to just plain Bull. It was somewhat distracting. In watching to see if the author could come up with any more variations I was consequently drawn away from the story itself.

But Turner has written a good book. And it was a story worth telling.

Dr Dempsey is Director of History at the Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary, and author of a biography on Chief Crowfoot.

THE PIECED QUILT
A North American Design Tradition

By Jonathan Holstein. McClelland and Steward Limited, Toronto, 1973. 183 pages, 96 colour plates, 59 black-and-white. $19.95.

Reviewed by Lillian Allen

The pieced or patchwork quilt was probably the most colourful furnishing item in the American colonial or pioneer home. Quilt making, which developed out of necessity and the need to salvage every bit of fabric, became a highly developed art. Not only was it considered a woman's responsibility and household duty to make quilts, but it gave the maker, in the mansion or the cottage, an opportunity for creative expression. Women took great pride in producing their quilts, and at fairs hung them beside others in competition. Quilt making, because it could involve several women working around the quilting frame, became a social institution. Quilting bees had an important place in the community life.

All this is explained in a handsome volume, *The Pieced Quilt* written by Jonathan Holstein, a lecturer and student of American art and design. He and an associate, Gail van der Hoof, selected and organized the first major museum exhibition of American quilts as a design tradition. Mr Holstein says he has attempted in the text to deal in a comprehensive way with the whole subject of American pieced quilts, but his selection of plates for illustrations is a personal one. In other words they may not be typical examples, but to him they seem the most visually interesting. He has also chosen to be more concerned with the total design effect than with the quilting stitchery itself. The two components, the needlework and the design naturally cannot be divorced; as Mr Holstein says, the hand of the creator is always there, sometimes superbly so.

He defines a pieced quilt as pieces of material stitched together mosaic fashion to form patterns and borders usually geometric. The design, when not set up in a central medallion style, is usually controlled by a repeat-block technique.

With the author's able guidance, we find ourselves really looking at these colourful illustrations and seeing how simple geometric or natural forms are organized to make a complex whole. The total visual effect of the quilt is the masterful understanding of form joined to line and colour. He regards the American pieced quilt as a design phenomenon of importance.

The tradition of a layered quilt for a warm as well as a decorative bed covering is lost in antiquity. But it had tremendous development in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when needlework was fashionable. India was producing and exporting to Europe fabrics called chintzes with elaborate patterns printed with mordant or fast dyes. Very often needleworkers cut out these patterns, re-arranged them and appliquéd them to the face of a quilt or coverlet.

As settlers came to America, they brought with them all the furnishings they could, and above all they needed warm quilts. Because the settlers had to adapt to new environments, their creative expressions changed too, although ethnic preferences for pattern types and colours persisted. In time fabrics with fast-colour prints were developed in Europe and America, chemical advances in dyes made possible new vibrant colours, and technology developments made cotton filling usable. The quilt creators profited from all of this.

Though they did not know it, the women quilt designers of the nineteenth century actually preceded, with their patterns and colour systems, most of the modern art developments of the last several decades. With his illustrations, Mr Holstein shows examples of visual similarities to cubism, abstraction, op art, and other movements having to do with colour dynamics. Quilt makers had it all said before the Bauhaus initiated geometry into western art and design; before Joseph Albers experimented with the square and colour; before Mondrian developed his precise areas of primary colours; before Vasarely painted his experiments by manipulating colour and form. He also sees more similarity in both the quilt and paintings because they are both conceived within the confines of a frame.

The author brings his survey up to the present day with a few examples from the first quarter of the twentieth century and one from 1972. He demonstrates that despite the fact we now live in a technological, mechanized period, the great tradition of the pieced quilt is being carried on, not now due to economical or to functional necessity, but because needlework is having a revival, and women find a personal creative outlet as well as relaxation in designing a beautiful bed covering. Mr Holstein sums up his study by saying the pieced quilt is an ingenious compromise with necessity, a needed utilitarian object from available materials. It still has vitality, freshness, and validity.

The Appendix gives us more interesting data on the illustrations, and there is a generous bibliography.

Until recently, Lillian Allen was associate professor of housing and design in the Home Economics faculty at the University of Manitoba. In retirement, she instructs classes in basic design through the Crafts Guild of Manitoba.

FRESHWATER FISHES OF CANADA

By W.B. Scott and E.J. Crossman. Bulletin 184, Fisheries Research Board of Canada, Ottawa, 1973. 966 pages, illus. $9.75.

Reviewed by Lyse S. Burgess

This scholarly and comprehensive volume on 'freshwater fishes' will be valued, not only by biologists, but by fishermen of many degrees of skill.

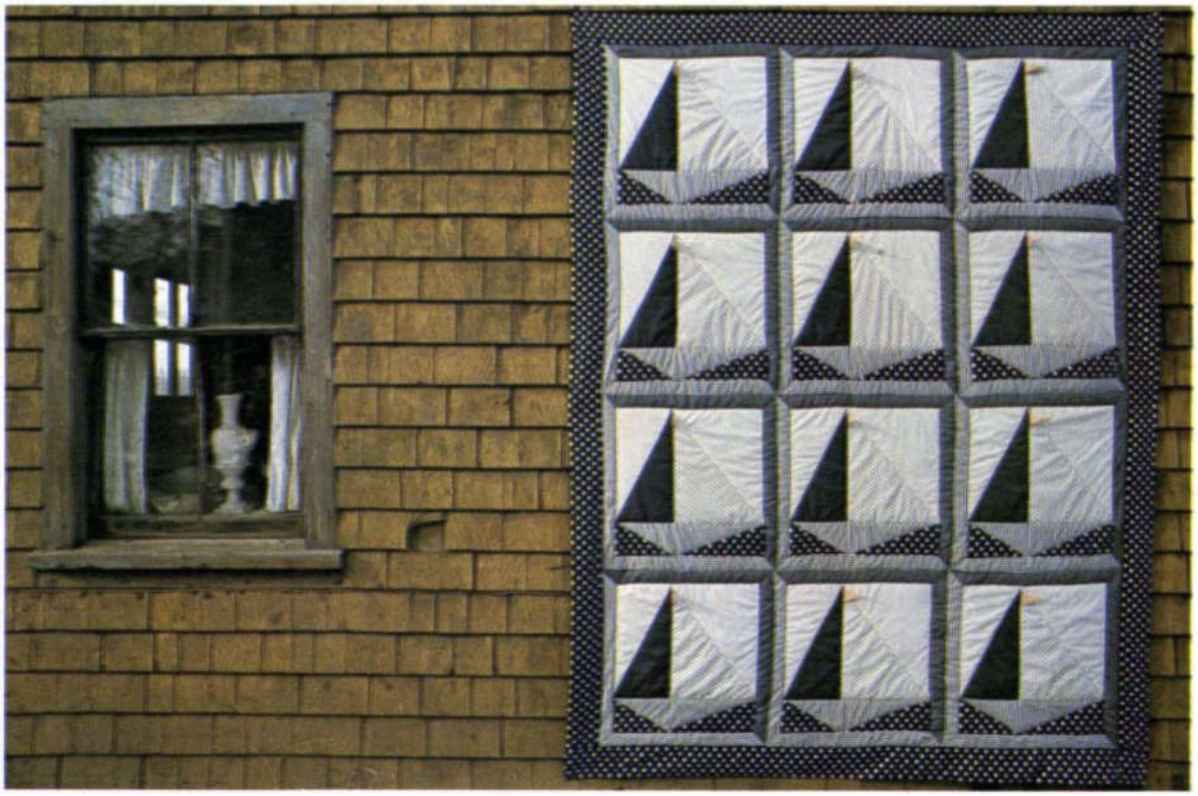
For those who enjoy the sport, it cuts through much confused folklore and offers precise data on the biological aspects, habitat, and temperature preferences of various species – knowledge that can add significantly to a day's catch. The peculiarities and adaptiveness of species – as lake trout – are compared in such widely different locations as Great Bear

Scotian Scallops,
a design edged in lace.

The renewed interest in handmade pieced quilts is exemplified in these designs, a sampling of work being done by a group of women in the small community of New Germany near Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. Only 500 people live in the community but there, and in farm homes nearby, 150 women are making pieced quilts, pillow shams, and hooked rugs. The work is done in the homes and sold by Vicki Crowe, 27, to leading Canadian and New York department stores. The carefully stitched, beautifully designed quilts retail from $120 for machine-made quilts to $1,000 for designs that are sewn by hand and take several months to complete.

Picture pillows.

A substantial order for this pattern, Bluenose II, gave the small company of Suttles and Seawinds, New Germany, its start.



Lake on the Arctic Circle and the fishing lakes of southern Quebec. Dietary habits, based on careful observation are described; records for single catches for certain fish, both by anglers and commercial fleets, add the perspective needed to keep fish stories in line with reality.

The list of common names – including the French common names – clarifies the confusion created when a species is known by different names in different areas of the country.

Of less interest to the fisherman are the technical, but still comprehensible, initial sections of the text. These deal with previous publications on the subject, instructions for the preparation of specimens, sketches of anatomical features, and other topics which could be interesting browsing through the long winter freeze.

Photographs and sketches are excellent, although the colour in the few colour plates seems strong.

Dr Burgess is a clinical psychologist and an ardent fisherman.

THE HIGH WEST

Photographs by Les Blacklock. Text by Andy Russell. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1974. 141 pages, $12.95.

Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius

Some years ago, when the Great Northern Railway was casting about for a distinctive trademark to make clear to prospective patrons that one of the chief attractions of that line is the spectacular mountain country through which it runs, they chose for that symbol a photograph of a Rocky Mountain Goat on a ledge overlooking the mountains.

That this particular photo caught their attention can hardly be wondered at, for the man who took it, Les Blacklock, had spent most of his life photographing and studying the wildlife and scenery of the West and Mid-west. He has now teamed up with a writer as dedicated as himself to presenting the grandeur and romance of the high country beyond the prairies. The collaboration of this gifted pair, photographer Les Blacklock and writer Andy Russell, has produced a volume to be greeted with enthusiasm by all who share the love of their mountain kingdom.

The ninety-three photographs (all in full colour) provide glimpses of wildlife in the mountains that only the most fortunate traveller ever sees: a grizzly striding purposefully down a hillside, three moose bulls wading a running stream, a bison herd in the foothills, pronghorns racing down a grassy slope. Yet these larger animals do not outweigh in interest the smaller life of the forest, as witness the striking photograph of the buprestid beetle and the pearly sheen of raindrops on scarlet autumn leaves.

Photographs by a master sometimes appear to be easily taken, but Les Blacklock has a long list of reasons for missing exciting experiences in the wilds. 'It happened too fast; I wasn't close enough; it was too dark; my camera was aimed the wrong way; the light changed and I wasn't ready.'

Whoever opens *The High Country* will recognize that the pictorial opportunities that Blacklock missed are more than compensated for by the ones he captured.

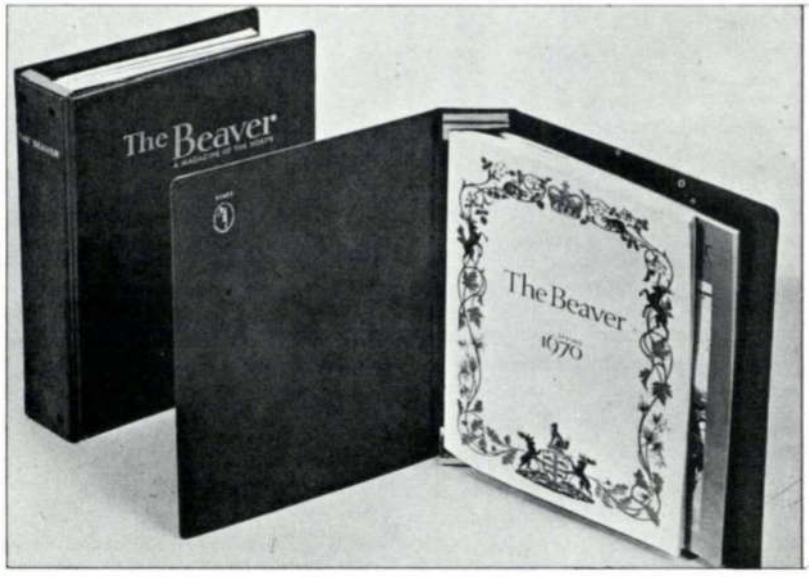
He gives a provocative account of how this book came into being:

'One cold winter night in a cabin deep in the Rockies, Ranger Tom Griffiths handed me a copy of Andy Russell's *Grizzly Country* and said, 'Les, here's something I think you'll be interested in.' . . . When I finished reading, I snowshoed to a wilderness telephone booth. The top of it came up to my knees. There was a light on inside, so I stepped off my snowshoes and slithered through the narrow door. The phone was alive, so I gave the operator the job of finding Andy. She bounced, by wire, around the Alberta Rockies a bit before she found him via Pincher Creek, Alberta.

That phone call started the warm friendship that eventually led to our working together on this book, a record of our shared love of the wilderness.'

The opening section of the book is a series of vividly descriptive essays by Andy Russell. It is not a consecutive narrative but a series of word pictures which must bring a surge of a nostalgia to any and all who have ever fallen under the spell of wild country.

'Then came a sound as wild as the picture before me – the challenging call of a bull elk echoing like organ notes off the slopes of a deep,



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twisted ravine running steeply down into the valley from the north, through parks of spruce and larch. A flicker of movement showed through the big timber, in a grove of Western larches just turned to autumn gold, and my binoculars revealed a herd of twenty-odd cows and calves following a game trail down off the mountain. As I watched, another bull sounded off to one side. He was immediately answered by the first, a magnificent bull which came trotting into view, trailing the cows. His antlers were widespread, massive, and a rich mahogany brown. Six long points showed on each curved beam, their tips gleaming like burnished ivory. The great bull was in prime condition, his light buckskin coat darkening to deep brown and almost black on his neck ruff, legs, and belly. Here was a typical herdmaster trailing with his cows, guarding his harem from the attentions of the other bulls now bugling steadily all over the slope.'

All in all, *The High Country* is a fine book by a dedicated team; and a book anyone nostalgic for mountain air would wish to own.

Clarence Tillenius is well known for his paintings, sketches, and museum dioramas that portray Canadian animals in their natural habitat.

ESKIMO ART

A limited number of the popular Autumn 1967 issue of THE BEAVER are now available in hard cover. One hundred pages of text and pictures present various aspects of Eskimo carving, as well as pottery, paintings, and masks, with map and selected bibliography.

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WOMAN OF LABRADOR

By Elizabeth Goudie. Peter Martin Associates, Toronto, 1973. 166 pages, illus. $8.95

Reviewed by Malvina Bolus

The reaction of most women to this book will be a feeling of thankfulness that they did not have to cope with the life lived by Elizabeth Blake who married trapper Jim Goudie. Here are reminiscences, in great detail,of childhood and married life in isolated, rugged places where it was necessary to be tough and self-reliant to survive. As a fourth generation Labradorian, with a dash of Eskimo heritage, Mrs Goudie could do it.

Her father was hunter, trapper, fisherman, logger, often away from home, and the children were expected to do their share of work. Born in 1902 at Mud Lake, she worked hard at home until at the age of 14 she went out as a family help to work for wages: two dollars a month, or just food and some clothing. At 18 she married; the couple walked 18 miles to their log-cabin home, and her savings were enough to buy a washboard.

Jim fished in summer and trapped in winter, and trapping meant an absence of three months at a time, with no means of communication. It was a lonely time for the trapper's wife, particularly when they moved north, but there was plenty to occupy her. She would hunt, fish for the winter's supply, gather berries, make furniture, paper walls with newspaper or wrappers, knit, sew, carry wood and water or snow as the case might be, make soap (that took seven days), make clothes. It took a month for a woman to make her husband's boots of sealskin, and clothes for the winter, and when there were children there was that much more to do. Houses and furniture were home made, with floors of pit-sawn lumber. Part of women's work was to scrub the floors down with sand and cork for about two months to achieve splinter-free boards. Besides this there were of course children to care for – Mrs Goudie bore ten.

There was never enough money for their needs, often not enough to eat. They had been married 38 years before, having returned to the Lake Melville area, they had a house paid for and for the first time were able to put by some money. And that year Jim was incapacitated by heart trouble, dying five years later at the age of 70.

World War II and the establishment of the air base at Goose Bay had changed the old life of Labrador. There was work away from the trapline; there were people, new houses, communications, medical services, and schools – even in 1943 at the air base, the first movie for Mrs Goudie and her children when 'we couldn't believe our own eyes and ears, hearing people talking and seeing them moving on the screen!' Nevertheless, Mrs Goudie felt that her first four children, born to a trapper's life, with little education but skilful hands, seemed happier than the last four, born in Happy Valley with benefit of schools, good food, company of others who '. . . have a lot and they still want more'. She herself had about four years of sporadic schooling, but 'I could do anything from embroidery work to chopping wood without a book'.

In spite of the hardships, Mrs Goudie would choose the same life again. During the 42 years she and her husband worked side by side they respected each other and she had no regrets for 'we were very happy, so I am quite content now. There is always something to do and always something to think about'. Her stamina is exemplified when at the age of 65 she went to Montreal and saw a big city for the first time. The traffic and masses of people terrified her, but after a day's recuperation, she went to Expo every day for nine days – after which she was glad to return to Goose Bay.

Then, between other travels, she set about writing a book, which is not nearly such a simple task as many people believe. Mrs Goudie makes no pretensions to literary talent but she tells the experiences of a pioneer – that creature of another age, who yet can be found still living – as a woman rather than a 'pioneer'. For details of what it is like to be a trapper's wife in almost unknown country this book is the answer. Mrs Goudie is to be admired for her philosophy and her activity.

Some early photographs add to the interest of the book and there is a useful map, to which Battle Harbour should be added.

Malvina Bolus is the former editor of The Beaver.

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